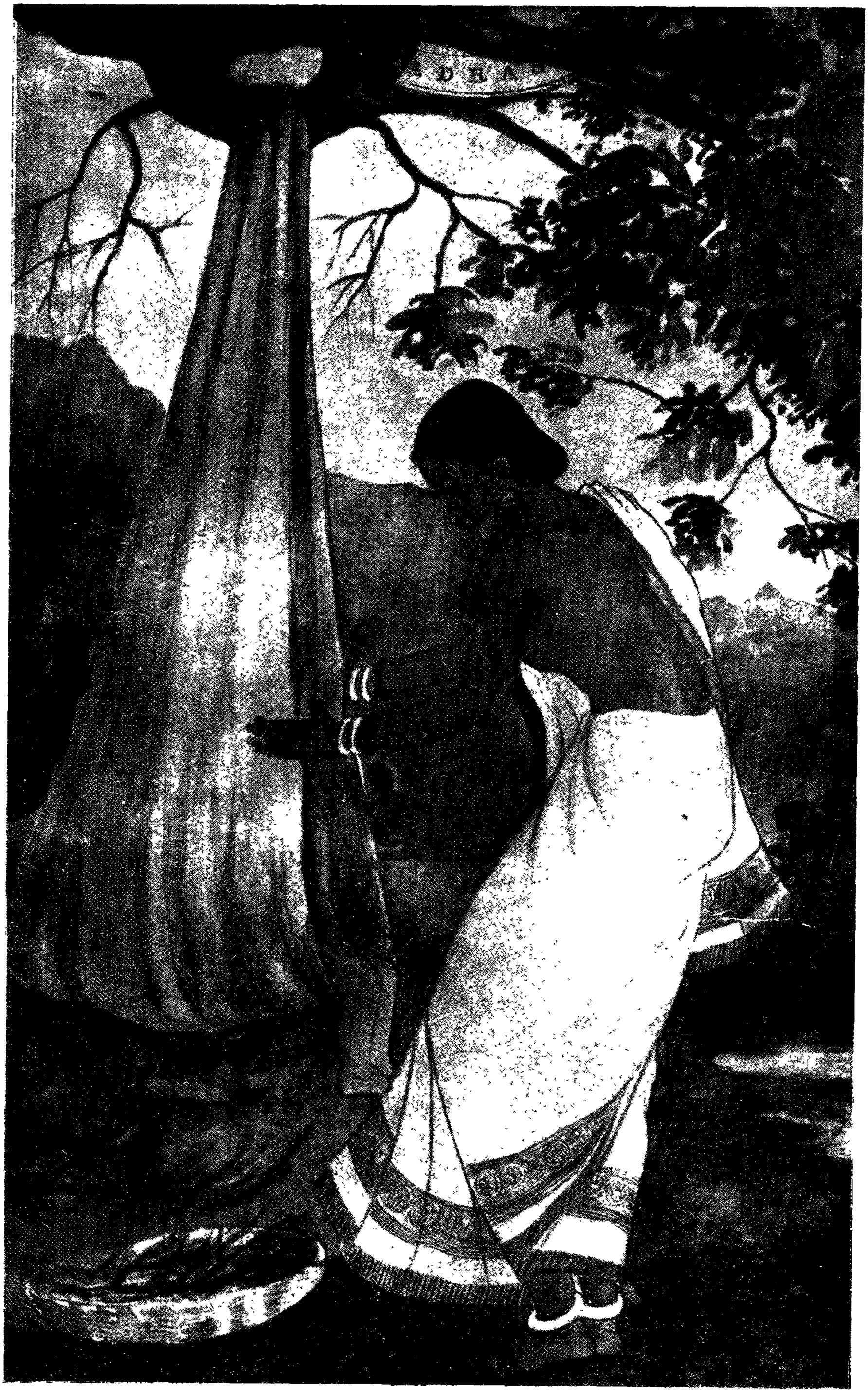

'A HAPPY MOTHER'

*By courtesy of [illegible]*

THE
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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# Motherhood at Christmas

THIS is the day when the heavenly child
Was born on earth of Mary mild.
With hope and joy she gave him birth,
For God's own choice had proved her worth.
She grieved for his woe over human sin,
Yet bowed to the plan salvation to win;
She mourned for his pain,
Yet gloried in gain
Of moral power
O'er sinful dower.
Oh, peace be to mothers, where'er they be!
They're angels of God sent to make us free;
They're lamps of peace, and stars of light,
That help to brighten our deep'ning night.
Hail to motherhood sublime,
Through endless, ageless eons of time!

—*Putrika.*

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# CHRISTMAS AND THE CROSS

THe world is indeed a place of contrasts and contradictions. The joy of birth must give place to the sadness of death; men are born to die. Success in one way may lead to failure in another; growth often ends in decay.

And the Christmas of Christ is but the beginning of His cross. Yet, has humanity lost by this process? Never, in the real sense; for taken rightly the loss is but material, while the gain is spiritual; the loss is but transitory, but the gain everlasting; the loss is but of useless excrescences, never of the true and real growth. And so it is with the life of Christ, the beginning of which is celebrated in Christmas. We welcome Christmas with joy and feasting; but we know we have to look ahead to the cross. Christ was born to die, yet Christ's death was but the summit of His life. The little life, which began so humbly, yet so sweetly, in the manger; the little breath, ushered in so meekly, yet hailed so rapturously by the shepherd, the wise man and the angel, was meant to end in the shameful yet quenchless glory of the cross. Need we despair or weep?

The rapid advance of science, the unremitting reconstruction of society have not done away with the troubles and sufferings of humankind; rather have they increased them. Men and women have at all times to face their cross and bear it; but there is a vast significance of beauty in that cross, which will, if we only can understand it, overshadow and obliterate its seeming unpleasantness. The cross is, as it were, the very crown of the beautiful alliance between man and his Creator. As an unrivalled touchstone of character; as an unfailing fountain-head for the lessons of submission, endurance, courage, persistence, faith and hope; as a powerful teacher of the realisation of duty to God and service to humanity; as a sublime exponent of the grand ideals of self-denial and self-sacrifice, which are the greatest proofs we can have of love; as an ever-standing reminder of the near presence of the Almighty Father and of the comfort and solace to us thereby;—the Cross is always before us. It is the salient symbol of the Christian religion; yet it surely has its poignant appeal to every other religion. Is there anyone in the world without his or her cross? With its burdens and its blessings, with its privileges and its responsibilities, it exists in every household, be it Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Parsi or Sikh. But, have we the power to envisage it fully through our haze of doubts, fears, difficulties and pleasures? Have we the time or the opportunity in this busy world to pause for a while and think of its significance? Very seldom indeed. Most of us know only to grumble and complain, either when we have real crosses to bear, or take to ourselves imaginary crosses to endure; and we lay ourselves open to that self-pity, which is so often such a degenerating force in life. But the cross is there, not as a tremendous burden, not as a desperate *finale*, but as a splendid agent for the carrying out of a glorious fresh life by a wonderful transmutation of evil into good.

It is a common idea, I think, that women have more of the cross to bear than men. I wonder why this is so. Is it because women are understood to complain more than men and draw more notice to their troubles? Is it because they are supposed to be more emotional and imaginative than men? Is it because they are unfortunately endowed with less physical strength? Is it because they are thought to have more leisure in their domestic routine to brood over grievances than men have in their busy world? Or, is it because the softer domestic routine, which usually is woman's world, is thought to be more open to worry than the sterner world of business, which

is the field of men ? Whatever the reason is, there is no doubt that many women, if they so desire, can and do emerge from their troubles, imaginary or otherwise, with just as smiling a front to the world as men. I should like to think that this proves a great power of endurance on the part of women, and a fine strength of moral purpose, which makes up for their want of physical strength. We need not, however, argue the question here. We need only to remember that modern women are inviting more crosses into their lives with the new privileges they are demanding. The burden of public life is now being added to their burden of domestic duty and each burden carries, as we know, its own responsibility. I am sure that women, with all their great ideas of public and social work, will not allow themselves to forget this fact, but will take up their cross in the right spirit and make it a force for good in the world they are labouring in.

— *Kamala.*

# "MOTHER'S DAY"

ALTHOUGH "Mother's Day" is a quite modern institution, originated only a few years ago, it is already considered in many countries as one of the important festivals of the year and, as such is, eagerly looked forward to by the public.

The idea of devoting a day each year to honouring mothers and giving them tangible proofs of respect and affection was first conceived by an American Woman, Miss Jarvis. In memory of her mother, whose favourite hobby was growing white carnations, Miss Jarvis asked that this flower "as the symbol of truth, purity and love," should be adopted as the emblem of "Mother's Day," and that the second Sunday in May should be set aside for the observance of the day.

In Europe, Austria was the first country to adopt the idea. At the present time, "Mother's Day" is observed, not only in America and Europe, but also in Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Last year, "Mother's Day" in Germany was celebrated in collaboration with all ecclesiastical and youth-movements and social welfare bodies ; newspapers, cinemas, theatres and broadcasting-stations joined in making it an outstanding event. In Hungary, "Mother's Day" was introduced by the Junior Red Cross in 1925. In May 1933, the first statue in honour of the Mother was raised at Postzenterzsebet by the six thousand Juniors of the town. In Yugoslavia, the Juniors have instituted a "Grateful Children's Fund," and each year, on "Mother's Day," a grant from this Fund is made to one needy mother in each province.

The Junior Red Cross of Austria is affiliated to the Mother's Day Committee. The first head of the Committee was Frau Marianne Hainisch, mother of the then President of the Austrian Republic, who was the author of an inspiring message to Juniors, which appeared in the Austrian Junior Red Cross magazine in May 1926. Thus, the Junior Red Cross takes the initative in many countries with regard to this day.

"Mother's Day will be celebrated on the second Sunday of May, as last year. Once again it will be a manifestation of love and gratitude. Mother's Day is a national family festival, for it is observed in every household. Happy the mother who, on rising that day, finds flowers on the breakfast table and all the housework done by the children ; who listens to a poem composed specially in her honour ; who is taken by her children for a trip to the country ; who finds some pleasant surprise awaiting her. The whole nation must be made to realize that it owes to its mothers the best that is in it, viz., the existence of a healthy younger generation. The mother is the source of all love."

# WHAT IS WOMAN'S SPHERE?

IS domesticity alone woman's sphere? Is the highest bid of a wife for a happy marriage to be only the *slogan* to "feed the brute?" Sir Mirza Ismail remarked lately on this matter at Bangalore, and approved of the teaching of *domestic science* to girls; but he took care to enlarge the meaning of this term to include everything a girl should know about home-making. He said: "Nowadays, domestic science is far more comprehensive. It implies a knowledge of food values and a capacity to prepare a balanced meal. The dishes have not merely to be appetising, but should be served in an attractive manner, because plain food can be made appetising by being attractively served. Beyond this, a girl who has been trained in domestic science should be able to invest a home with the atmosphere of a home. For, it is said that the average man makes a den, while it requires a woman to make a home."

But why, after all, should there be such a difference in the education needed for girls and boys? Both must have some knowledge in languages, sciences, history and geography, aye and in mathematics too, though some may think the latter too "brain-racking" for women! Some education in the fine arts is necessary for both. As a matter of fact, what are needed are really sound principles in education. These will aid in the case of *all* people, old and young, men and women. A good training for efficiency, thoroughness, high purpose and management, is always needed indeed, and welcome too. Home training is not surely enough for women!

Sir Mirza stressed the value of good *education*. The *Madras Mail*, commenting on this, wondered humorously whether a good education was after all considered not a handicap in life for woman, in that it taught her to lack proper respect for her lord and master! But the same paper distinguished between *good* and *bad* education, the values of which ought to be the same for girls, as for boys. It said rightly that education was meant to bring out hidden capacities and so there was no use of too much fuss about a special education for women. "Too much concern with superficialities, which often form a very large proportion of female education—formerly much more than today—leads to shallow minds and the discontent which is such a mind's chief form of expression." Let us not be too worried about *feminine* subjects; for, as Sir Mirza said, these must be for those, "who are not likely to go beyond the secondary stage." "Treat them," as the *Madras Mail* said, "as vocational subjects, even though some of them belong to the vocation of marriage." It is of the utmost importance to India's future that Indian girls should be taught not only to cook, to sew and to look after a household or to play gracefully on the *veena*, to dance or talk French as well as English, but that they should also learn to think."

Miss Barkworth of London said lately in *Educational India*:

"As far as time allows, let a girl follow the boys' syllabus to the extent of her wishes and powers; and there will be always be some who desire to specialise in studies or professions until recently reserved for men. But in general it would be of far more value to a girl than specialisation, if she learned to acquire general knowledge, so as to become an intelligent member of her social circle, even in the company of the other sex. Girls, no less than boys, should be trained to read the newspapers, and to take an interest in current events both in other countries and in their own. It would be good if they had some instrtuction as to methods of local government, so as to have at least some understanding as to what goes on in the village or municipa-

lity, the incidence of taxes and so forth. Moreover, appreciation of art and literature, and of beauty whether of deportment, clothing or house decoration, might almost be called an essential of truly educated womanhood. It has been said that a woman's mission is to be beautiful. Let this beauty be confined, not only to her face and her dress, but also to her mind, her bearing, and above all, her soul. Rightly has beauty been associated with Truth and with Goodness in the divine triad; for none of these can in reality exist without the other, either philosophically or translated into terms of human life. So it will be with man's helpmeet. She longs by her very nature for beauty in many forms; she will attain it and fulfil her mission truly, only if there is within her heart a gracious gentleness and purity emanating from a goodness rooted in the divine. Above then and beyond any details of curriculum or of educational culture, the only goal of enduring value for woman, as for man, must ever be the knowledge of God Himself, in whom alone are hid the treasures of wisdom, and Who alone can bring to fruition all her womanly qualities through the divine indwelling of love."

As an English paper says, "a man should not always want a *hausfran* for life, but an honest and intelligent friend." There is no use of expecting a wife to be specially kept to her *home*, in order that *he* may be made comfortable. There can be housekeepers, good servants and good conveniences to help. "I am not going," says a man, "to urge my wife to surrender her stimulating contacts with the outside world the moment that economic security of a sort falls into her lap. I have too great an admiration for the mental qualities of the modern woman to seek to increase my domestic comforts at such a cost." What a fine philosophy of marriage will such a view provide in India! It is sure to produce its own response in home-making; for a woman likes as much as a man to be comfortable in her surroundings; and, knowing that she is more capable than the man for this task, she is sure to be careful about it.

Moreover, such a view of marriage may provide a possible remedy for an inevitable outcome of equality between the sexes, of which Princess Nirgidma de Torhout complains in the *Spectator*. Does woman gain by the equality she asks, woman with her "long tradition of indulgence behind her, who is still far behind man?" And do not so-called *inferior* women exert as much influence on men as that exerted by *equal* women? Who is happier? But perhaps, as the Princess says, happiness is not the most essential thing in life!

What woman really needs, I think, is a happy marriage in which she can, together with her man, have "a more spacious and more worthy life than now," and not be tramelled and held in by chains and fetters, though such may be of gold and jewels.

—*K. S.*

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# CHRISTMAS IN A FAMILY

SCIENTIFIC inventions and world upheavals have wrought considerable changes in our mode of living. But the changes have affected only the exterior of our lives, for inwardly we are as our fathers were generations ago. Erudite archaeologists and professors hold that there is not even a tittle of evidence, either Biblical or traditional, to establish the twenty-fifth day of December as the birthday of Christ. Still, we have not swerved from the time-honoured path of observing Christmas. In some unorthodox circles, Christmas is designated as the festival of the

*family.* But this designation does not deprive it of its deep religious significance.

In *Little Women,* Louisa May Alcott, the daughter of a minor prophet of Transcendentalism, who belonged to the celebrated group of American writers, which included Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, has left us an admirable and artless picture of life in the sixties of the last century. We have therein a view of how a devout family, not endowed to an appreciable extent with the good things of this world, celebrated Christmas in dark and discouraging circumstances.

The American Civil War had broken out and the Reverend March had gone to the front to do his bit of service as an army Chaplain. The family had also fallen on evil days, Mr. March having lost his property in trying to help an unfortunate friend. But in spite of his poverty, the Reverend March maintained such strict integrity that all manner of men and women, earnest, thoughtful, troubled, sinful, gifted, ambitious and downrightly worldly, were attracted to him. He was a quiet and studious man "rich in the wisdom that is better than learning,' the charity which calls all mankind *brother,* the piety that blossoms into character, making it august and lovely." The responsibility of bringing up his four young girls during his absence on the strict Christian principles he had adopted for himself was a serious strain on the motherhood of Mrs. March. To add to the responsibility, the four girls were fast growing into womanhood and always fretting about their poverty. Margaret, the eldest of the four, was sixteen and possessed a beauty of which she was vain. Jo was fifteen years old and was a veritable colt in her behaviour. Elizabeth was a shy-mannered girl of thirteen and bore the appellation of "Little Tranquility." The youngest, Amy, had a good many little gifts and virtues, but she was a conceited and self-important child. When Mr. March lost his property, the two eldest had begged that they should be allowed to do something at least to support themselves. With the consent of their parents who believed that the cultivation of energy, industry and independence could not be begun too early in life, Margaret had found a place as a nursery governess on a small salary and Jo had become an attendant on her aunt, a childless and rich old lady who had offered to adopt one of the girls, but had been told by the unworldly Marches, "we cannot give up our girls for a dozen futures. Rich or poor we will keep together and be happy in one another." Elizabeth remained at home, helping the house-keeper, and Amy was a pupil in a day-school.

On a Christmas eve, one of the girls exclaimed with sorrow, "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents"; another said, "It is so dreadful to be poor"; the third remarked, "I don't think it's fair for some girls to have lots of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all"; while the last consoled, "We've got father and mother and each other anyhow." In fact their father was away where fighting was and was not likely to be with them for a long time to come. Their mother was out on her day's hard work as usual, not having had time to come home even for dinner. She had told them already that they should not expect Christmas presents, as they ought not to spend money for pleasure when their men were suffering in the army; and that, though they could not do much, they could make their little sacrifices and make them gladly too. One of the children, suddenly remembering that their father had charged her to take special care of their mother while he was gone, proposed giving her a present. This led to an agreement among them that they should each get their mother something for Christmas. In this good resolve, they forgot their poverty and took counsel of each other as to how they should spend Christmas night. Just then their mother came in and was glad to find them all so happy. Supper over, she read to them a letter from their father, sending all sorts of loving wishes for Christ-

mas and an especial message to them to love one another. They were delighted to hear the message, though their delight was tinged with the sad thought of their kind father's absence. Cheered by their mother's advice to bear their burdens even as Christian did, and the girls understood the advice well for they had used to act *Pilgrim's Progress* when they were little things, they went to bed to dream of Santa Claus and the presents with which he would, during the night, fill their stockings.

When the girls woke up the next morning, they were disappointed in their expectation of stockings, but found, each under her pillow, a book in an attractive colour which contained the "beautiful old story of the best life that ever lived". They had read, loved and minded this book once, but of late they had neglected to be faithful about it. They looked for their mother to wish her a merry Christmas and to thank her for her handsome present, but were told by their servant, "Goodness only, knows where she is. Some poor creeter come a-beggin, and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin away vittles and drink, clothes and firin." While they were preparing to surprise their mother with their presents, she came in and was greeted in chorus with "Merry Christmas, Marmee! Thank you for our books; we have read some and mean to every day." "Merry Christmas, little daughters!," she returned in delight.

The girls were all unusually hungry now, because they had waited for their mother for nearly an hour. They proposed to sit down to their Christmas breakfast, but to their surprise their mother said to them "I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little new-born baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there; and the eldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?" For a minute, only for a minute, no one spoke. And then, one exclaimed, "I am glad, mother, you came before we began"; another eagerly asked, "May I go and help carry the things to the poor children?"; "I shall take the cream and muffins," added another girl heroically; and the remaining girl was already piling the bread and cakes into one big plate. "I thought you would do it", said the mother smiling in satisfaction; "you shall all go and help me and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast and make up for it at dinner-time".

They all set out in a party to where the poor woman lay with her new-born baby and six hungry children, cold and comfortless. After clothing them with their own clothes and feeding them with their breakfast like veritable angels sent from Heaven, they returned home to content themselves with bread and milk. And in all the city there were not four merrier people that Christmas morning than the hungry little girls, who had given away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Be kind even to people from whom you can expect no return, and a blessing in some kind from some other quarter will come unexpectedly unto you. The blessing may be long in coming, but come it will, according to the Book which tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Our four angelic children found the benefit of their charity, not after a long waiting, but in a few hours. When they walked down to supper after a day of preparation and an evening of genuine Christmas enjoyment, they found the table loaded with dainties and flowers which took their breath away to behold. Who had done this? Was it their 'marmee?' They were inclined to believe so at first. But they were soon told that their friend was a kind old gentleman known to their marmee's father. He had heard by chance of their breakfast-party

and thought that, in compensation for the Christmas kindness shown by them, they had a right to a feast and great bunches of hot-house flowers. When they sat down to the table, one girl whispered to her mother, "I wish I could send my bunch of flowers to father. I am afraid he is not having such a merry Christmas as we are."

Though the novelist does not say so, there need be no doubt that, as they ate the supper, they brought to mind the words of Him, whose birth they celebrated, the words dinned into their ears by their parents constantly ever since they had begun to understand—"I was an hungred and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me".

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# THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

## 1. A RESOLVE

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever the past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul, while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the *New Year* is gliding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

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## 2. A HOPE

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer;
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand Eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earth-ward,
Whatever is—is best.

## A Wife's New Year Prayer

The rooms below are colourful and gay
With scarlet caps, confetti, horns and drums,
And toy balloons—but, God, I slipped away
To be alone this hour the new year comes.
I slipped away to thank Thee on my knees
For all the lessons this old year has taught,
For Thy past kindnesses, and oh! for these,
The shining hopes this new year, God, has brought!
I come also to Thee for strength to-night,
An understanding heart, and patience, too—
Knowing full well that no wife's load is light,
And wanting much in this new year, to do
All my work well, and longing so to be
The kind of woman Thou hast dreamed for me!

(From *Stri Dharma*)

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# STRANGE CONTRADICTION!

## A PLAY

## By Padmini Satthianadhan

*CHARACTERS*

The Maharani of Puranpur
Nalini (her daughter)
Rohini (aged nine, Nalini's sister)
Santi (Nalini's friend)
Malini (aged eight, Santi's sister)
Mrs. Gopal Rao, Mrs. Visvanath Iyer, Miss Solomon (Indian Christian), Mrs. Gregory (European), Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair — Members of the Ladies' Club.
The Maharani of Sripur (Nalini's prospective mother-in-law)
The Rani of Narangpur (her daughter)
Kamala (her second daughter)

SCENE I.

The bridge room in a ladies' Club. In the centre is a bridge table at which Miss Solomon, Mrs. Gregory, the Maharani of Puranpur and Nalini are playing. Santi, Mrs. Gopal Rao, and Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair are looking on. Rohini and Malini, in a corner of the room, are playing draughts. Mrs. Visvanath Iyer, seated in a comfortable chair, is reading the paper.

*Mrs. Gregory*: One spade.

*Miss Solomon*: Double.

*The Maharani of Puranpur*: (puzzled) Oh dear, do I say anything now, partner? These *one doubles* always puzzle me.

*Nalini*: Hush mother, you mustn't ask in the middle of a game.

*Mrs. Gopal Rao:* (looking over the Maharani's shoulder) No - - no, don't say anything. It's Nalini's duty to take her partner out.

*The Maharani*: No bid.

*Nalini:* Two diamonds.

*Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair*: (pointing to a suit in Nalini's hand) You should have gone this.

*Mrs. Gregory:* (mildly) I don't think lookers-on should say anything. Two Spades.

*Mrs. Gopal Rao:* Oh, by the way, did you hear the latest news? Kamala Rajan's engagement with Mr. Surya Rao has been broken off.

*The Maharani of Puranpur*:—No—really—good gracious, how terrible! Whose fault was it?

*Mrs. Gopal Rao:* I don't know. Anyway, it's a dreadful scandal. Some say he jilted her, and some say she fell in love with someone

else. They were so modern and went about together so much. Disgraceful, I call it.

*Nalini:* I happen to know Kamala rather well. There's no scandal in it. They discovered they made a mistake and broke it off before it was too late. Let's not talk about it.

*Santi:* Yes, quite right. There's enough misery in this world already. We should help those who are in trouble, and not gloat over their misfortunes. Why can't we, women, mind our own business instead of trying to malign others?

*Mrs. Gopal Rao*: Oh dear, isn't she virtuous? Anyway, I can't help thinking it's scandalous. What are our Indian girls coming to?

*Mrs. Gregory*: I said *two spades.* It's your call, Miss Solomon.

*Miss Solomon*: Three diamonds.

*The Maharani of Puranpur*: Tell me all the calls. I've forgotten everything with all this chatter going on.

*Nalini*: (sighing) one spade, double, no bid, two diamonds, two spades, three diamonds.

*The Maharani of Puranpur*: (dazed) Who said two spades?

*Nalini*: Oh dear!

*Santi*: Is this bridge you're playing?

[Enter the Maharani of Sripur and the Rani of Narangpur]

*Mrs. Gregory*: Ah, Maharani, you've come at last. When did you arrive in town?

*Maharani of Sripur*: Only this morning. Now you must stop playing that horrid game, and come into the next room. I've brought you all some lovely sweets and hot-stuffs.

[The players throw down their cards]

*Nalini*: (to Santi) Thank goodness that's over. I hate playing this dreadful chatty bridge, don't you, Santi?

*Santi*: That's why I never *do* play in this club. I get better bridge at home and at the mixed club we go to.

[The other ladies all troop out of the room with the Maharani of Sripur.]

*The Maharani of Sripur*: (before she leaves the room) Won't you also join us, Mrs. Visvanatha Iyer?

*Mrs. Visvanatha Iyer*: (beaming) Thank you Maharani. (She leaves her paper and goes out with the rest)

[Nalini and Santi stay back, and Rohini and Malini are still silently playing draughts in the corner.]

*Nalini*: Let's stay here, Santi, and have a chat. I hardly ever see anything of you these days.

*Santi*: Yes, I'm sorry, Nalini; but what with my work and a thousand and one other things to do, I hardly get time to go and see you. You live so far away. However, I meet you here at least once a week, don't I?

*Nalini*: Yes, I know you only come to see me. I wish I could give up this wretched purdah. It's so silly and aimless. I've never heard of a more absurd custom. And Santi dear, I simply can't make up my mind to marry a man whom I've never seen before. How can I? In spite of being purdah, I have modern ideas, and it's ghastly to think that I'm selling myself to someone I have never

seen, just because marriage is an institution. I'll be regarded as nothing else but a means of producing future heirs to the State of Sripur; but I have a soul of my own, and I want my husband to love me for myself and not because I happen to be the Rajkumari of Puranpur. What can I do, Santi? I can't marry this benighted prince. For all I know, he may just be a fat fool, or one of these modern England-returned-rakes, who go about with pretty Anglo-Indian girls, and live in dancing halls and on race-courses.

*Rohini*: (who has just finished her game) Oh dear, How she talks. Look here Nalini, don't you talk badly of my friend, the Rajkumar? You may be going to marry him, but he's my friend, and I love him very much. He's the finest man on earth, I think.

*Santi to Nalini*: When did she come to know him?

*Nalini*: Oh, just about a year ago, when the Rajkumar returned from England. Not being purdah, Rohini can go where she likes, and she made friends with my future husband. We are cousins, you know. Children are so impulsive.

*Rohini*: Child though I may be, I can judge character better than you can. You are a jolly lucky girl to be able to marry such a super man. Thank your stars and keep quiet.

*Nalini*: Oh shut up, Rohini, you don't know what you are talking about. When you grow up, you'll know how difficult it is to marry someone you have never seen in your life.

*Malini*: Well, why don't you go and see him?

*Santi*: I believe she's right, Nalini. Out of the mouths of babes, you know.........why *don't* you go and see him?

*Nalini*: Have you taken leave of your senses completely? How can I, when I'm purdah?

*Santi*: Purdah be hanged! Why must you keep it? Run away one day and go and have a chat with him.

*Rohini*: Oh yes, Nalini, how lovely that would be. I could arrange a meeting for you so easily. He's often told me he would like to see you. He also hates to marry someone he's never seen. Listen, I'm going out to fish with him on his little private lake to-morrow. There won't be a soul there. You come dressed as my Ayah and when you get there I'll introduce you to him.

*Nalini*: What, a Maharani's daughter go dressed as an Ayah to see her future husband! You must be crazy!

*Santi*: Not so crazy after all, Nalini. Why don't you do as Rohini says? Anyway it will be some excitement, and you can see for yourself the man you are going to marry.

*Nalini*: (pensively) I believe I shall. Yes, I really shall. Wish me luck, Santi. What fun!

*Rohini*: (jumping about in delight) Oh how lovely! Tomorrow, I'll introduce you to him, and you'll see how wonderful he is. (She takes Malini's hand and gyrates round the room)

[Enter the Maharani of Puranpur and the other ladies.]

*The Maharani of Puranpur*: What's all this excitement? Rohini, why are you jumping about like a mad girl? How many times have I told you that you must not behave like a tom-boy? You will never get a husband if you go on like this. Come on children, it's time to go home.

[Exit all, except Santi and Nalini.]

*Santi*: Wish you luck, Nalini, and above all, don't be discovered.

*Nalini*: Oh Santi, suppose I'm caught! What will happen?

*Santi*: Nothing of course. But why should you be caught? Anyway, best luck.

*Nalini*: Thank you. I need it. (Exeunt)

## SCENE II

A room in the Maharani of Puranpur's Palace. Nalini is weeping on a large *Divan.*

[Enter Santi]

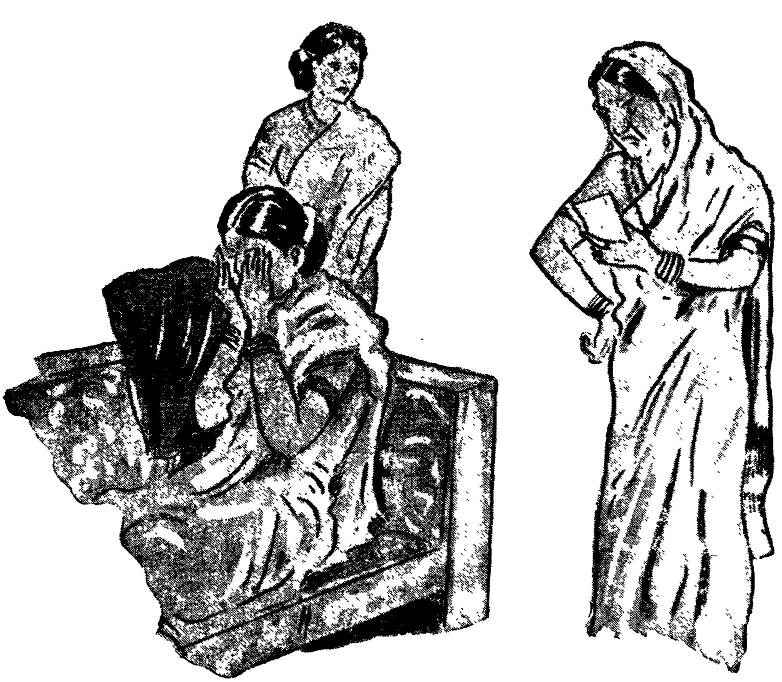
*Nalini*: (looking up and wiping her eyes) Oh, hallo Santi! So you've come at last. I thought you had also deserted me in my time of trouble.

*Santi*: Don't you know that I'm your friend? I'll never desert you, Nalini.

*Nalini*: No, I don't believe you will. They say that a true friend is one who comes in when all the world goes out, and I believe you are that sort.

*Santi*: But what's all the trouble about? I got your desperate note this morning, and came rushing here to find out.

*Nalini*: Oh, my dear, things have turned out terribly. I followed Rohini's plan and dressed like an Ayah, and went with her to see the Rajkumar. Everything went very well at first, and I thought the whole thing was going to be a great affair. When I saw the Rajkumar, I found he was the nicest man on earth. Oh Santi, what a fine man he is. I love him, I love him .........



*Santi*: Splendid! Then everything is all right. You can marry the man you love and be happy ever after.

*Nalini*: No such luck. How wise was Shakespeare when he said that the course of true love never did run smooth. I love him Santi, but I can't marry him now.

*Santi*: What on earth is the matter with you? The marriage is all arranged, and the invitation cards are about to be printed. What can you mean?

*Nalini*: Just this. Just when we were getting to know each other and becoming friendly, the Rajkumar's sister, Kamala, comes running in to give him an urgent message, and whom should she find there, but me all dressed up like a servant. 'Why Nalini?' she cries in horror, 'what are you doing here dressed like that? I'm going to tell my mother,' and off she goes, before I can say a word. There was a dreadful hue and cry and before I knew what had happened the whole palace was bursting with the news, and I was sent home in disgrace. Neither of us could explain anything, and Rohini made things worse by weeping, and this morning mother told me that I had disgraced the whole State, and that the Maharani of Sripur had sent word to her saying she could not give her son to a woman with a bad name.

*Santi*: What absolute cheek! But what has the Rajkumar got to say about it all?

*Nalini*: He tried to defend me, but what can he say? He has to obey his parents.

*Santi*: Oh rot, if he doesn't marry you in spite of everything, he is not worth much.

*Nalini*: Don't say that, Santi. What can he do?

[Enter the Maharani of Puranpur with a letter in her hand.]

*The Maharani*: Look at this awful insult, Nalini? See what disgrace you have brought on all of us. How can I ever lift my head in public again? 'Dear Sister, This is to tell you definitely that the marriage between my son and your daughter

cannot take place. We cannot disgrace our good name by allowing our son to marry a bold modern hussy who runs away and tries to capture a man through cunning means. The Maharajah and I hope you understand our point of view. We would also like to state that all friendship between the families will henceforth cease.

Yours sincerely,
Sarala,
Maharani of Sripur.'

*Santi*: Well I never! What cads! Oh, I wish I could get hold of that wretched little Kamala. What a cat, to give the whole show away!

*The Maharani*: She did quite right. I see that you seem to have been in the plot also, Santi. Well, I hope you are satisfied with the result. And as for you, Nalini, I think it will be better if you join an Ashram or something. Goodness knows what we are going to do with you.

[Nalini weeps softly, and Santi puts her arms round her. The Maharani stalks out of the room]

*Nalini*: How strange this world is, Santi! Full of contradictions! When I could have married the best man in the world, I was not satisfied and didn't want him, and now that I'm longing to marry him, I cannot have him.

*Santi*: Yes, strange contradiction! When you hated the marriage, all the world wanted it, and now you want the marriage, all the world is against it. But I feel everything is going to turn out all right. Don't weep Nalini. God always does things for the best. What's that?

[There is a tap at the closed window. Santi goes and opens it, and steps back in surprise.]

*Santi*: Who are you, what do you want here?
[A man's voice sounds from outside the window.]

Hush, don't make a noise. I have been here for some time, and have heard all the Maharani had to say. I'm the Rajkumar, and I want to speak to Nalini. Do you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes? I can't come in, but I have something urgent to say to her.

*Nalini*: (who has joined Santi at the window) So you have come! (She opens the window, while Santi quietly tiptoes out of the room.)

## SCENE III

The Ladies' Club again. The Maharani of Sripur and the Rani of Narangpur seated in the centre with Mrs. Gregory, Miss Solomon, Mrs. Gopal Rao, Mrs. Visvanath Iyer and Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair seated round her.

*The Maharani of Sripur*: Well, of course, I had to cancel the marriage. The Maharajah was furious. A bold and unnatural hussy, he calls her. No dignity, dressing like an Ayah. The Puranpur State will never be able to get over this disgrace.

*Miss Solomon*: I can't help admiring her spirit though. She's quite right not to want to marry a man she's never seen.

*Mrs. Gregory*: After all, Maharani, it was only a harmless little adventure. Don't be too hard on her.

*Mrs. Gopal Rao*: What has your son got to say about it?

*Rani of Narangpur*: Oh, he's trying to act the modern gentleman; says he's in love with her, and will marry no one else.

*The Maharani of Sripur*: That's only boyish chivalry. He thinks he must stand up for a girl who risked everything to have a glimpse of him. Men are weak. What do you expect, when girls insist on running after them. They lose their heads, poor creatures.

*Miss Solomon*: But Maharani, it sounds the opposite to me. If Nalini meant to run after your son, she would have just allowed the marriage to take place. Don't you see.........

*The Rani of Narangpur*: Oh rubbish–she ran after him. You modern women can never see our point of view.

*Miss Solomon* (with feeling): That's true, and I hope the time is not far distant, when you too will change your point of view, and look at life from a healthier and saner perspective. Thank goodness, the purdah system is gradually dying out, and with it its prejudices, so that the Nalinis and the Rajkumars of the future will be given the opportunity that

these two young things have snatched for themselves of being friends, before marriage binds them together for life. Your Nalini's point of view makes me......Yes, thank goodness, we are different to you, though even in our community God knows we have our scandal-mongers, especially those who pretend to be extra good Christians and make an outward parade of going to Church and praying in public places without any true inner religion, Pharisees and hypocrites, disobeying the teaching of Christ and setting up a new code of the....................

*Mrs. Gregory*: Miss Solomon, you musn't be so violent. Reverting to our subject, however, Maharani, I hope you will be more lenient and allow the marriage to go through.

*Mrs. Visvanath Iyer*: Yes, even I beg of you. I'm very orthodox, but I can read the character of youth fairly well. It was a childish fit of impetuous romance that made Nalini do what she did. Can't you forgive her and forget all about this little lapse? Let her marry the Rajkumar.

(Enter Santi and Malini)

*Santi*: I heard what you just said. I don't think Nalini will want to be treated as an object of charity. There's no need for the Maharani to be so magnanimous.

*The Maharani of Sripur*: What does she mean?

*Santi*: Wait and see. I think I know your son better than you do.

*The Rani of Narangpur*: Indeed. I'm sure my brother has nothing to do with girls like you......

*Mrs. Gregory*: Come, come, we want no quarrels. Now, don't let's squabble. Let's have some refreshments. What will you have, Maharani, a drink or an ice-cream? (Rings the bell) (Enter waitress).

*Mrs. Gregory*: Bring drinks all round, please. Lime squash I think and an ice for Malini. You'll have one, won't you, Malini?

*Malini*: Yes, please.

[ Exit waitress ]

(Enter Kamala, all flushed and angry)

*Kamala*: (Handing an open telegram to the Maharani) Mother! Father just received this telegram, and sent me with it to you at once. He is tearing out his hair, and is acting like a madman.

*The Maharani of Sripur*: (snatching the telegram from Kamala with a trembling hand) What is it? What has happened?

*Kamala*: Read and see. It's dreadful news.

*Maharani of Sripur*: I can't read it, I have no glasses.

*Mrs. Gregory*: Give it to me Maharani. (Takes the telegram and reads.) 'Eloped with Nalini this morning. Married by special licence. Spending honeymoon Europe. Will return after three months. Expect you to give my wife a cordial and kind welcome.

Your son,
Gopal Raj'

(The Maharani of Sripur gives one scream and faints. There is confusion. Waitress enters with drinks, and Mrs. Gopal Rao, in nervous anxiety to help the Maharani, takes a glass of lime squash and splashes it on the Maharani's face.)

*Santi to Malini*: (Aside) Thank God. It's proved a success. Come, let us go, Malini.

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## RECIPE FOR MAKING A GOOD NURSE

Mix together equal parts of pluck, good health, and well-balanced sympathy; stiffen with energy, and soften with the milk of human kindness, use a first-class training school for a mixer; add the sweetness of a smile, and a little ginger, and a generous amount of tact, humour and unselfishness, with plenty of patience.

Pour into the mould of womanhood; time with enthusiasm, finish with a cap, and garnish with ambition.

The sauce of experience is always an important improvement to this recipe.

(From *The Nursing Journal.*)

# THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

## By Dr. STANLEY JONES

WHAT is the meaning of Christmas? Is it just another birthday, albeit the birthday of a great man? Or does its significance lie deeper? I know that it is easy to read into ancient accounts meanings which are not inherently there. Do we do that when we say that we see a peculiar significance in the birthday of Jesus? We think not, and for several reasons.

FIRST, there is the fact that this birthday has had an actual influence on life that is truly remarkble. It divided time before and after into B. C. and A. D. Is humanity, or at least a very large part of it, right in believing that this event did make a dividing line in the history of humanity? Was this a beginning of a new step upward in the human race? Did humanity now begin to see its goal more clearly and to take steps toward that goal? We think that it did.

SECOND, we see that this birthday day took place at a unique time in history. All the great philosophies in Greece and India and China, the three great centres of civilization at that time, had just been completed. Mankind seemed to have reached in its search after God as far as it could go. The philosophies extant were the concrete result of that upward movement towards the Divine. Some of these philosophies reached noble truths and some of them missed the way and led into error and confusion. But they were all an upreach after God. They were the high-water mark of philosophical achievement. The mind of man indeed has not gone much further in speculation since then. We are grateful for those speculations, for they prepared man for what was to come. They themselves were not sufficient.

THIRD, when man had gone as far as he could in his upward reach towards God, then there came the downward reach toward man. God stepped in to complete the dim reasonings of man and to purify them. We speak of man's search for God. We forget God's search for man, which is of far greater importance. God's search for man is what we call Revelation. There had been many partial revelations of God, some of them through these very philosophies, but what was needed was a complete Revelation, an uncovering of the very heart and nature and purpose of God. How could that Revelation be made? By more words to add to the great abundance of words which philosophy had used? Hardly. What was needed was *The Word.*

This Word would gather up into itself all the lesser but true words and complete them and fulfil them. But this Word could not be a spelled-out word, it could not be a verbal revelation. Life is not merely intellectual, it has to be a lived-out word, a vital revelation, for life is life, and this not only includes the intellectual, but is also very much more besides. God would have to speak to us through life to life. How else could He show His character except through a character? How could He show us how to live, except He show us how to do so in the very place where we live, namely in the stream of human history? The Word had to become flesh.

FOURTH, it did so. The idea became fact. Mere abstract ideas make us a little tired. We grow weary of the abstract idea of beauty, but we never grow tired of beauty when it meets us in a person. The mere idea of goodness makes us revolt against it as *goody-goodyness*, but we never get tired of goodness when it meets us in a person. Then it becomes warm and tender, winsome and compelling. So we had to *see* goodness and through it God. In Jesus we see goodness. He did not talk to us about it. He let us see it through the windows of His own acts and thoughts. Think of a Man who lived such a life, that we can read back into God every one of His acts and ideas and feel that we are thereby not lowering the estimation of the character of God, but actually heightening it. Jesus not only showed goodness, He showed nothing but goodness. He showed not only love, but nothing but love. Many people have showed us goodness and love, but no one has showed us goodness and love unalloyed. Others blurred goodness by contradictory things, but Jesus never blurred the Divine goodness by a single act or attitude or word. He was the Word with no contradictory words within it.

FIFTH, and what does the Word say to us? It says to us that God is not merely kind and good and pure, but that He is redemptive. Jesus not only let us see the nature of God, but came also to change our own. Jesus tells us that the worst can become the best, the weakest can become the strongest, the most sinful can become the most holy. That is the *good news*. Jesus did not merely come to bring that message. He was that message. When we open our hearts to Him, there is not merely the memory of a Christmas long ago, but there is a new birth now within us. We find the message become a living fact in our own experience. So at this Christmas time I do not remember Christ, I realize Him. He is born within me now. And what a birth it is, from darkness to light, from confusion to order, from moral defeat to moral victory, from myself to God! The first great Birthday was in history; the second can be in me and in you.

# FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

## (1) The woman a man hopes to marry.

NOT the colour of the eyes, not the colour of the hair, not the shape of the face, not the contour of the lips, not the curves of the figure—these are not really the influencing factors about the woman of a man's choice in many cases, but as a man-writer states in *Dress and Beauty*: "One must fall in love with one's mind, as well as with one's body. I would go further and assert that compatibility of temperament, combined with a mental respect for each other, is a far safer foundation for a successful marriage than even the most overwhelming of sex attractions. It is the language one talks, not the language of the lips, that matters in the long run."

The first item a man is said to need in his wife is the same response to the art of living and the reality of the world, combined with the same sense of humour. For instance, the author requires his wife to be as amused as himself by the antics of *Mickey Mouse* on the screen, "because I feel that her negative reaction showed a foundamental difference in our respective make-ups that would be bound to crop up incessantly in other ways."

The second item is a similarity of tastes. For instance, a liking for the same games, so that both may spend happily together their free time; e. g., how can an ardent golfer and a poker-player combine nicely with a bridge and tennis fiend?

The third item is that she must wish to do her share of service to the world. The author does not specially want a wife who gives him home comforts, but he wants his complement, who will be a worker like himself and meet him on equal terms and be "a critic and comrade" to him.

The fourth item is that she should have a dress-sense and achieve a success in her dressing, knowing that "the art of dress is the art of simplicity." And this, not merely for the outside world, but also and chiefly for her husband. And she should not skimp and save on her clothes, but take an allowance for herself, and spend it well.

The author does not want a young woman, but needs one who has come up to her thirties, and so does not need to pretend to be sophisticated, but "possesses the best of two worlds, the world of youth, and the world of experience, sure of her position and so able to advance or retreat with equal ease."

This is the sort of woman a man hopes to marry, but probably in the end has to compromise about!

In this connection, I would like to quote what the Countess of Balfour, the mother of six children, says about marriage: "Unfortunately, marriage is not a profession that we can be assured of attaining by passing any form of examination. I can assure you that there is no profession which needs a wider, fuller, and deeper education than that of marriage. You have to be a leader. You have to have imagination and sympathy and understanding. You have to be a companion in mind and heart and soul for your life's chosen partner, and you have to be a stimulating, loving, understanding example to your children."

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## (2) Education for the Wife

Not long ago, there were some of our England-returned young men, who used to moan that they could not find suitable wives in India. That does not seem possible now, except perhaps in a few extreme cases. The young wives that we see enthroned in the houses of young officials, are women to be proud of in every sense of the word. Sometimes, no doubt, they are too inclined to follow English ways, but even then they contrive by a few touches to give a charming Indian polish to the *ensemble*. Where it is the other way, where perhaps there is

everything too Indian, there may be a few inconveniences existent for some people, in spite of the pleasant atmosphere. But, there are many of our women, who have discovered for themselves that the happiest medium is a pretty mixture of the East and the West. And why not? Are not the guests — I am speaking of Indian officials — from both spheres? Is it not the wholesome cult now to enshrine nationalism in internationalism? Indian articles can be used in international methods—in whatever way indeed seems convenient.

It seems to me—I ask pardon for laying down the law, but I am really not doing so, only suggesting — that the wife of a young official has five spheres before her, in which to make herself of use. The first is the home, where everything is to be happy and cosy for husband, children and relatives, a place of rest and shelter where tired minds can recuperate and disillusioned hearts can be consoled. For this, wonderful tact is necessary—"blessed are the peace makers," as the Bible says. Then forethought, organisation, order, method, management, kindness, sympathy, self-denial and love are indicated, everything running on oiled wheels as it were, everything in place and done to time, with nothing of confusion, tumult, noise and quarrel.

The second sphere is entertainment. Officials—especially young ones—have plenty of friends and also those placed above them, to entertain. The chief point to remember is that guests must be made to feel so at home that they will like to come again. The hostess must bethink herself how to make them feel happy in other ways than by excellent food arrangements. She has indeed to show herself a *lady*, by which term is meant, I think, a woman who is able to put others at their ease and at their best. And she must remember not to leave everything to the husband to arrange. He may take up the task happily, but how much happier will he be if his wife takes the brunt of the task off his already busy time? Her worth to him then will be "above rubies!"

The third sphere of the young wife is the encouragement of social and public activities. It too often happens that our young women, especially if there are older women in their *menage*, who are conservative, are apt to retire into their shells. They do not like to come into the public eye. But it is for them to remember that, being in a good position, they can do much for society, by way of encouragement of clubs, organisation of charities, conduction of committees, running of public functions etc. Their very name sometimes gives the extra weight desired; but even that is often not enough. The ladies need not speak in public; but they can take an active interest in affairs, think and talk and act for others and be alert and ready for emergencies. At the same time, let not all their time be frittered away outside the home!

The fourth sphere is the uplift of the lower orders, by which I mean the neglected, the poor, and the *Harijans.* How much can the young wife do here, especially if she belongs to the higher castes? Beginning with the menials under her, and extending to the villagers around, she can shed her sympathy on all those who feel themselves, and are thought to be, inferior to others. And mind you, sympathy should be real goodwill and love, and not the patronage issued by a great lady just to show how grand and dutiful she can be! The women alone in India can solve the solution of the depressed classes question. It is the women who hold back the men; and so it is the women who can pull forward the men in this matter. What is caste and class after all? It behoves us to remember that India will never become an advanced country till her communal strife is ended.

The last sphere, I would like to mention for the young wife, is her own, her own individuality. She must not neglect herself—not merely in health—but also in mind and spirit. She may have passed examinations, she may be cultured, but unless there is exercise and new food for that culture and education, not only stagnation, but in the end deterioration, will be the result. Thus, the young wife must contrive to secure a little time for herself; and not only that, but also a little place for herself, her own *sanctum*, where she can be at peace for a while. It too often happens that our women do not know where to be alone, when they wish for solitude. The very desire is thought to be strange and selfish. But, are we not out to explore new paths and exploit new methods for ourselves and for others?

# THE MISSION OF YOUTH

WHEN we—the future children of the world—look around us we see all kinds of illusions prevailing in the name of humanity; and the earnest and enterprising young soul feels disappointed and loses faith in life.

The youthful hearts of India do not feel the necessity or usefulness of the caste-system. Has this still any meaning at all? Does it really keep up the balance? Is it not a menace to the progress of India's children? But how are we to solve the problem of its eradication? Surely only by means of whole-hearted action! Let us erase altogether our caste mentality, so that the sunshine of love may illuminate our hearts! Let us follow the simple natural law that one must not even dream of caste. Let us all really feel that we are all living organs of a universal brotherhood! But, there is no use of polishing things superficially, unless one dives deep into the cause! And so let us begin to live life, not in pomp and glory, but in service and love.

Then, there is the incessant warring of religions. One despises the other most inhumanly. But do you think religions in the beginning had any prejudice or hatred towards each other? I am sure not. Each religion equally emphasised its own faith and lived up to its own ideals. And looking into the pages of history, it is clear that *clergies*, *priests* and *mullahs*, through their narrow-mindedness, created clash and strife among the followers of their religions. Whatever faith one may have, whatever kind of religion one may follow, can any one say that his is the only best religion in the world? It would be well if educational institutions properly dealt with various kinds of religious problems. There is no use of tabooing religious instruction in the education of young India. Peace and goodwill can be established only by a knowledge of all kinds of religions, and by the clear outlook on life that each springs from a common Divine Power!

Another vital problem, that faces us, is national feeling or patriotism. One cannot forget one's mother when she is alive and adopt another! But one must not cling to the idea that his mother alone is the best of all mothers! Universal brotherhood through nation-hood should be the motto of the young.

If the whole world is adorned with one colour, can we appreciate any beauty in nature? Let the children of each country always remember that they are brothers of the children of other countries. In our clear vision, there should exist no place for untouchability, for religious or national antogonisms. We should be able to distinguish between only two classes, those who know and those who do not know. Realisation is the chief thing that matters most in life. But really those who know are only a few!

*K. Krishnan*

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# OUR SERIAL STORY

## King Systos the Mighty

## By HERBERT PORTER

### CHAPTER XI

#### SYSTOS AND THE KINGDOMS

MEANWHILE, Systos had hastened, with his terrible arms, into the empire of Pythos, which lay on the north-west of the land of the Menelos.

There he dethroned the Emperor Pythos, and slaughtered his people like sheep. With relentless fury, he passed on, falling upon all the northern nations, who, as the noise of war spread, joined themselves together against him. Many battles were fought, but Systos conquered always.

His strategies surpassed all the cunning which had ever before been conjured in the minds of men, and, as the army conquered, so it grew in multitude, for Systos placed in the front of the battle all the men that were captured from the fallen nations. Onward, therefore, with death and devastation in his path, he sped, mowing down nations like grass, until he had captured all the great empires which lay west and north of his own land.

Having achieved his plans thus far, Systos moved eastwards, down towards the Parthian empire, which was the greatest and most fearsome which he had determined to capture. The Parthians were a strong people, and a stubborn, warlike spirit pervaded the whole empire. Therefore Systos was more wary in his methods of attack, and pitched his army in one mass on the shores of Armees, (which he had last captured), from the Parthian empire.

When the Parthians perceived that the camp of Systos was set on the shores of Armees, they gathered their army together on the oppossite shores, and awaited the attack. Then Systos held council with his chiefs of war, and called into his presence spies that had been sent beforehand into the Parthian empire to discover the weaknesses of the land.

"Where standeth the vast Temple of the God of the Air, whereof ye spake to me?" demanded Systos, as the spies came before him.

"O mighty King," said they, "it lieth but one league to the right of the river's bend, and but two leagues inland."

"Are ye certain that the Temple is deserted?" queried Systos.

"Yea, 'tis so," replied the spies, "for the God of the Moon hath cursed it bitterly, so that all worship therein hath ceased."

Then Systos bade the spies depart, and commanded the chief warriors to divide the army into three sections. So the force was divided, and Systos, after discovering the part of the river which was most shallow, ordered massive blocks of stone to be brought from inland and caused them to be cast into the river, so that the Parthians thought that the army of Systos would there cross over into their land.

While these operations were progressing, the second portion of the army was busy, under the personal supervision of Systos, boring out a passage to open into the mighty and deserted Temple of the Air God. This passage was cut under the river, and the work went on headlong day and night, until, at last, the vaults of the great temple were reached, and Systos and his men climbed into the midst of the awful gloom and silence of the vast and deserted temple.

A small company was left in charge, and Systos returned to the camp and ordered the work of the filling up of the river to cease. Then the King bade the whole army take rest for three days, so that the men might regain strength, and be full of vigour for the battle. When the Parthians perceived that the arduous task of filling up the river had been discontinued, they began to wonder why the attack was being delayed, and, on the third day, themselves began to cast huge boulders into the river from their side, and to prepare to attack the Menelos.

Thereupon, Systos commanded three-fifths of his army to march to the passage under the

river, and to fill the temple and the vast passage, and there remain until an arrow with a blood-red sign sped towards the tower of the temple, which commanded a view of the shores. Then, with set jaws and grim faces, the Menelos began the attack, but the Parthians stood in a body, like a rock, against them. Once, twice and thrice, the Menelos were driven back.

Suddenly a large arrow with a red sign attached, sped through the air, and the troops which had lain hidden in the old temple, began to pour forth like an aggregation of wild beasts, ready to devour any prey. Little by little, Systos managed to force the Parthians back along the shore, until he was able to bring about an inrush of troops. As he accomplished this, the remainder of the army came down upon the Parthians from the temple.

Then ensued a terrific fight. Spears and swords clashed and flashed in the sunlight. Arrows flew and chariots flashed over the dead and dying. Everywhere men fell like reeds into the bloody streams that flowed like new tributaries into the river. So the Parthians were surrounded by the numberless army of Systos, the Mighty, and, brave as they were, and well as they fought, they could not withstand the overpowering blows which fell upon them from every quarter. They had been entirely outwitted and outnumbered, and they fell in the dust and died. Thus were slain the Parthians, and thus fell the Parthian empire; and the river Tetron was named, from that day forward, the river of death.

Then Systos took captive all the Parthians that remained alive after the battle, and all the world said: "How mighty is Systos become! Lo! the whole earth is at his feet, for he commands, and all obey him; he fights and the nations fall. Truly he is a god, for there is none mightier than he."

After this, Systos marched onwards, with his army, into the land of the Mendiceans; but no battle was fought there, for they were terrified, when they saw the Menelos approaching. So the Mendiceans sent messengers to meet Systos, offering surrender, and Systos usurped the throne and rested many days in the land of Mendicea.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MAGICIAN OF SYKOR

In Sykor, the capital of Mendicea, there lived a magician skilled in the sciences of the occult. Diurnally, in the market-place, at noon and at even, he stood practising magic and sorcery. Crowds of the Mendiceans always gathered to watch this wonderful man conjure, while blue and red and green flames leapt into the air from a tripod which he placed in the midst of the market-place.

He was a weird looking man, with deep-set, dark eyes, which glittered unceasingly. His dress was as strange as his face, and, in the sight of the people of Mendicea, he had, at first, been greatly regarded with cynicism — scoffed at and looked upon as a mere trickster, and a follower of witchcraft; but he had repeatedly performed many wonders, and worked such miracles of healing among them, that they had come at last to regard him as possessing an ultramundane power. Some said that he was in league with the devil, and that he had been sent from hell to delude men. Others avowed that he was a god in human shape, and that he worked wonders to interpret to mankind the mysteries of the stars and the magic of the heavens.

He lived quite alone in a deserted part of the city, and was always referred to as "the silent magician," for he never spoke to any—not even to those by whom he was addressed, except upon very rare occasions.

It was a somewhat gloomy day, as the chief warriors of Systos passed at noon through the market-place of Sykor; and, observing a crowd of spectators standing about a huge tripod, they pressed in among the throng, and stood in bewilderment, watching the strange feats of conjuring performed by the magician. Suddenly, they saw a man's body begin to float into the air and melt away into nothingness from their sight. Then, at a wave of the magician's hand, birds of beautiful plumage flew and hovered about the place where the crowd stood. Then the skies seemed to open and they saw spirits falling from the heavens into clouds below, and then down and down and down into the leaping flames of the tripod and there desappear. After this, the magician took up his tripod, and wandered slowly away among the dispersing crowd.

Then the chief warriors moved away together, talking in serious wonderment, concerning the magician and his secret powers. As they neared the Palace from which the King and Queen of Mendicea had been expelled, the warriors determined to inform Systos concerning the wierd magician. So when they arrived at the palace, the chief warrior, Nebulos, went immediately to the door of the chamber where Systos was lodged. A guard, consisting of three stalwart warriors, stood at the entrance to the private chamber, and saluted him as he passed into the presence of the conqueror of the whole earth.

"What news is on the lips of Nebulos?" the King asked, as the warrior approached, and fell on his knees before him.

"Strange news, O mighty King," replied Nebulos, "There is a man possessed of much power of spirit, O worthy King. He stands in the market-place, at noon and at even, daily working miracles and practising sorcery and magic before the multitude, by whom he is greatly feared—yea—he is even thought to be a god by many."

When Systos heard these words, a great jealousy consumed him, and, seizing the warrior by his shoulders, he dragged him to his feet and bade him bring the magician before him to display his power. So Nebulos departed, and bade his fellows be ready to accompany him at sunset to capture the magician and bring him before the King.

Therefore, when the usual evening exhibition of psychic power had been manifested, the warriors quietly followed the magician to his comfortless abode, and, waiting until a late hour, when deep darkness had fallen upon the city and its inhabitants were sleeping, they rudely burst open the door, and seizing the man carried him with violence to the palace and put him in a strong room.

The next morning, he was brought before Systos, who bade him display the wonders of his weird art. So, the magician performed, with delicate dexterity, many profound wonders before Systos. The man's psychic forces were indeed amazing, and, as Systos beheld the varied performance, he grew livid in the face, and black in spirit against the magician, so that his jealously became madness.

"None but Systos shall be feared," he cried, "Whence hast thou this power, man?"

The magician made no answer, and the infuriated Systos bade the warrior take him away and chop off his head, and hang it in the market-place, so that all the people might know that none held greater sway than Systos.

So the magician was dragged away and taken again to the strong room, and there, after being bound hand and foot, his neck was placed upon a large block. One of the warriors then took a formidable battle-axe, and, grasping it with both hands, lifted it high above his head. Down it came with terrific force upon the magician's neck and his head fell upon the floor.

Without further ado, the chief warrior, Nebulos, picked up the head and placed it in a leather bag, and, leaving his companions to dispose of the trunk, took the head and hung it in the market-place and according to the instructions of Systos, wrote above it:

"BEHOLD THE MAGICIAN."

When all the people saw the magician's head, they feared Systos more than ever. Many hated him as greatly as they feared, and none dared to utter any words against him.

It chanced that evening, that the magician's only brother passed through the market-place, and, seeing the head hanging, he staggered like one inebriated against the wall of a building opposite. His senses did not altogether desert him, but he remained leaning against the wall, until his thinking powers fully returned. He had not been on friendly terms for some years with his brother, because of the magician's eccentric ideas and his practice of the occult. Yet he loved his brother with a very deep love, and his remorse was uncontrollable and lamentable to behold, when he realised that the gentle sorcerer had passed for ever from this earth.

With an effort he gathered his scattered thoughts together, and, drawing near the crowd that stood gazing with awe at the head hung upon the wall, with horror he learned how and why the magician had been slain. As he heard the story, a fierce burning hatred of Systos sprang up within him; and, as he walked away from the market-place, he vowed to himself a vicious vow of vengeance. His teeth chattered with rage and his limbs shook with malicious trembling.

*(To be continued)*

# Three Women Pioneers

MRS. T. TANNIMALAI
of Karaikudi, the first lady Honorary Magistrate from the Naganathan community.

MISS KARUNAKARA GUPTA, M.A.,
the first lady lecturer in the Dacca University.

MRS. S. PEACOCK,
the first lady to be nominated as a Member of the Bobbili Dt. Board.

UDAY SHANKAR
(in costume)

THE SWORD DANCE OF UDAY SHANKAR AND HIS *troupe*.

# A GLIMPSE OF UDAY SHANKAR

IN spite of efforts being made by true lovers of the dance to popularise Indian dancing and remove the stigma that has been attached to it all these years, many of us still suffer from an antideluvian prejudice against *nautches* and Indian dances. I was one such old-fashioned creature, until I went to see Uday Shankar and his *troupe.* I must admit that I went with trepidation, not knowing what would be shown us, for this was some time ago, before the great Indian dancer had taken the world by storm. We had only heard vague rumours about him, and were not quite sure if we were going to enjoy his performance or not. You can imagine our surprise and the breath-taking interest we experienced, therefore, when the tall, handsome, graceful dancer stepped on to the stage, and as "Indra, the God of heaven, the stars, the clouds, lightning and rains," gave us an idea of how beautiful Indian dancing can be, and how much prejudiced ignorant individuals would lose, if they insisted on closing their eyes to the artistic value of a great art, and looked on it merely from a jaundiced point of view.

The criticism against Uday Shankar by all those who have studied Indian dancing is that he is westernising and modernising a great ancient culture, and is not a true follower of the traditional Indian dance. Perhaps it is because of these very critics, who will insist on harping back to an ancient past, without in any way changing it to suit the modern mentality and the hectic unrest that is evident everywhere today, that our Indian dancing as an art is so stagnant and without appeal to the general public. Connoisseurs are few and far between, and if a great art such as dancing is only to appeal to the "knowledged" man, what is to become of us, poor ignorant creatures? We want something that will appeal to us, and here we have Uday Shankar, who has not only based his *Mudras* on the *Bharat Natya Sastra*, the *Abhinaya Darpana* and the *Katha-kalis* of Travancore; but who has at the same time catered to the times, and made his dances of profound interest to the world at large.

"If you want to see real Indian dancing, go and see Bala Saraswati," said a friend of mine to me, one day. Well, I had already seen Shankar and his *troupe*, and, much to my chagrin, I had heard adverse criticisms of him by traditional snobs in Madras, so I went to see Bala Saraswati. She was wonderful; but I soon tired of her, and being ignorant of the meaning of the dance I could not interpret her poses. Though her grace was supreme, and she was a complete master of the art, her costumes were not attractive. After two hours, I left the hall.

Uday Shankar, on the contrary, has taken the best of the Indian dance and made it appeal to one and all. Every gesture and movement of his is an embodiment of grace. Meeting him sometime ago at Calcutta, I asked him if he minded the criticisms against him, and he said:

"I dance for the sake of my art, and do what I think is right. It does not matter to me in the least what people may say. Dancing with me is a religion."

On the cover-page of his programme are printed these words; "I am dancing the life of the people and their Gods," and one can see that this is true, for Shankar is Indian to the core, and has so influenced his followers, that all of them dance, not for self-glorification and fame and personal ambition, but to show the stuff, of which India is capable.

Few pleasant sensations can rival those felt when Shankar and his two faithful pupils — Mlle. Simkie and Miss Kanakalata—dance before us in *Rasa Leela.* "Krishna, in the playfulness of his youth, rejoicing with the Gopis, inspires them

with the charm of his unconscious divinity, and weaves illusions which he constantly evades." Then again, the two girls in their famous dance *Snanum*, are the embodiment of charm and grace, when "gathering flowers they are troubled by bees, and while bathing are suddenly frightened away by the sound of approaching footsteps."

Shankar's programmes are varied and attractive. Each item is exquisitely short, except the last one which is usually a legend enacted in dance movements, such as *Shiva Parvati Nrittya Dvandva* and *Tandava Nrittya.* The music is quiet and melodious and exquisitely rhythmical, and the costumes perfect. To go to a performance of Uday Shankar is a treat, and all those who have not seen him should avail themselves of the very next opportunity afforded to them.

In private life, Shankar is just a simple, sincere, unostentatious person. He does not know the meaning of the word, *conceit* He is courteous to all those who wish to make friends with him or ask him questions and is a perfect *gentleman.* His costume is always Indian, and many a time do we see him at parties and shows in Calcutta. His personality is striking, and even those, who may not recognise him as the great dancer, usually turn round and ask, "who is that handsome man?" when they see him anywhere. Shankar is one of the men of whom every Indian can be justly proud.

*Padmini Satthianadhan.*

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# NEWS ABOUT WOMEN

AT the *Cochin Thiya Vanitha Sangham*, many resolutions were passed relating to the uplift of Thiya women, who, as was represented, were backward, compared to their Nair and Christian sisters, in education, wealth and social position. The Civil Marriage bill, ensuring freedom of choice with regard to marriage, unhampered by caste or creed, was approved of. There were requests to the Government for privileges with regard to property, public appointments and representations in the councils, amelioration of the conditions of women of the working classes, and the provision of good maternity and child-welfare centres.

... ... ... ... ...

An appeal is made in the *Modern Review* for an increase in the number of Indian women students abroad. While Chinese women students in Europe are increasing in numbers, India has made no progress in this direction. The result is that Indian women are not going ahead with the times, while their men are marching on in international progress. A great gulf is thus being created between men and women; and the former, returning home, are bound to fall back into social stagnation.

Chinese students go usually to Europe as married couples, and thus get more chances for social education, as obtained in the West. But what happens to Indian students? "They are at home neither abroad, because they are socially unacceptable, nor in India, where they do not often meet women, who are inspired by common hopes and fears, similarity of tastes, ideals and intellectual aspirations." Why should not India follow the example of China, and Indian men take their wives oftener with them to Europe?

... ... ... ... ...

It is interesting to read in the *Asiatic Review* an article written by Mrs. Protima Tagore, in which she traces the origin of the Indian woman's costume. The short bodice of India, seen even now in Rajputana, the United Provinces and Gujerat, had its origin in the *ria* of the Middle Ages, and became the *Kanchuli* or the *Angai*

worn with a thin drapery over it, and passing over the head.

Then, the *Mekhala* became under Persian influence in the Moghul age, into a wide transparent skirt, worn over the *pyjama* trousers. This became a real heavy skirt later, which is still seen in North India, measuring as much as fifty yards of cloth sometimes. In Bengal and Orissa, however, the *mekhala* became wider and longer, till it became the *sari*. This word is derived from the Sanskrit *Sati*. From Bengal, as seen by the folk-lore pictures on temples, it spread down to south India, becoming under Mohammedan influence a drapery covering the whole figure and face, and just leaving one eye free, as still seen among *purdah* ladies. Now, saris, as we know, are being manufactured all over India, there being definite types of them. Madura, Madras, Orissa, Dacca, Murshidabad, Benares, Gujerat, Rajputana, Maharashtra, Gwalior, Nepal, all have their sari industries. The drapery of the sari is indeed so beautiful that it is bidding fair to conquer even Europe in the coming fashions.

... ... ... ... ...

"The Abyssinian women will go to the battle-field with their husbands, as they have always done in the history of my people," said the Empress of Abyssinia. Their duty will be not only to cook and to nurse, but also to fight with rifles and spears if necessary. They did this forty years ago, when the Empress Taiten inspired the Ethiopian soldiers in the battle of *Adowa*. The women are usually reserved, and shirk public life, but they will not be so in the case of war. They are delicate and frail, but they are determined to undertake the long march to the battle-field.

"They will march as steadily as their husbands. We could not hold them back. If the men drop their arms, our women will pick them up. If the men die, our women will prefer to die with them."

... ... ... ... ...

Princess Nirgidma de Torhout writes in the *Spectator* about the absolute equality of men and women in Mongolia. This equality is not at all modern, but was framed by Genghis Khan, from whom all Mongolian laws originate. In divorce, in inheritance and property, even in service in the army, the woman is the same as the man. The word *kun* applies to both sexes. The woman has as much freedom as the man and is quite responsible for herself. But this equality has the drawback that there is no thought of chivalry to the woman. No special consideration or priority right is shown her; but she shares in all the hardest tasks of man. This is perhaps hard for woman, who is physically so much weaker than man, but it is undoubtedly the inevitable outcome of equality between the sexes.

... ... ... ... ...

Mr. J. M. Kumarappa writes, in the *Hindu*, of women in the Nazi State, the conditions of which in this respect are far different from those described above. The German woman has been more or less always conservative. Under the monarchy, German women, in associations like the *Queen Louise League* helped in social, charitable and educational problems. In the republic, women had the franchise and representation in parliament. But, in spite of the Suffragist League, there was never made by them a vigorous fight for freedom and equality. Now, they have fallen back into the position of the *Hausfrau*. They are said to have a vital part in the state, not to run it however, but only to preserve it, by attending to the domestic routine of wifehood and motherhood as the foundations of public life. In this ideal, they are said to follow the Aryan ideal, and share in the honour of being the physical nation-builders, as well as of preserving the purity, the spiritual culture,and morality of a race," which is claimed to have made practically all the notable constitutions to civilization. As the national leader of their womanhood said, "Reduced to a common denominator, this means that alongside of military con-

scription, there stands an unwritten law for women for the preservation of the inner strength of the German people."

... ... ... ... ...

As a result of the Istamboul Conference of women, the Egyptian Government has been called upon to abolish polygamy, and enforce equality between the sexes. A letter was sent to the Premier by Madame Huda Hanem, in which she said regarding polygamy, "The continuance of polygamy has its painful effect on family and social life, apart from the fact that it harms our moral reputation in the civilised world. Poligamy is incompatible with the law of Nature and the tradition of the present age. In fact, it is inconsistent with the spirit of the Moslem religion, which has allowed it only under certain conditions impossible of fulfilment. By submitting this resolution to Your Excellency, we only renew the application made by our Union in 1926 to the Government, asking for enactment of legislation to prohibit polygamy except in certain exceptional cases, such as barrenness and diseases that prevent the woman from performing her matrimonial duty. We do not believe that Egypt, which occupies the position of leadership among the Moslem nations and which is taken as an example by them, will allow them to precede her in introducing this reform. Your Excellency is not unaware that the woman has been at all times the effective element in the renaissance of nations and in the service of humanity. Therefore, we are hopeful that our demands will receive Your Excellency's care and attention, thereby enabling the Egyptian woman to do her share in the country's renaissance and in the service of humanity."

... ... ... ...

We take an extract from a letter in a *Daily* by an Indian lady on this subject. "The future well-being of this country imperatively demands that the standard of life of its people should be raised from its present low level. Women form one half of the population in this land. They are compelled to live in enforced idleness by the rigours of social and religious customs obtaining in this country. They are steeped in illiteracy; and a large majority of them are kept behind purdah. They form a dead weight and have to be carried along by the men in their onward march towards the goal of progress. It is, therefore, not surprising that in the march towards prosperity, this country is left far behind.

Women should also realise that they have as much responsibility as their brothers in the building up of the prosperity of their motherland. They must shed their present inferiority complex, and actively enter and participate in the various occupations for which by their capacity they are fitted. They must learn to love the dignity of labour and give up their present life of ease and idleness. India is an agricultural country and the majority of its people live in the villages. It has an abundant supply of raw materials and human labour. Women were great experts in all arts and crafts for which Ancient India was justly famous. Spinning, weaving, dairying, gardening and a hundred other cottage industries can usefully engage them. Illiteracy should be banished from among them; and every girl in the land should be given some sound vocational training. If the women in the land will only engage themselves in useful and profitable occupations, it is bound to increase the prosperity of the country. The various cottage industries will hum with prosperity and the standard of life of its people will be considerably enhanced.

In the few limited opportunities afforded to women in national service, they have by their work demonstrated their great capacity. It is up to their brothers to seek the co-operation of their sisters and jointly march hand in hand, to the goal of progress."

... ... ... ... ...

The following notification is published in the latest issue of the Gazette of India:

Legislative Department:— A regulation

has been made that "no woman who is not by reason of her sex disqualified for registration as an elector for the Legislative Council of a Governor's Province shall, by reason only of her sex, be disqualified for registration on the electoral roll of any constituency of the Council of State in that province."

... ... ... ... ...

We are glad to hear of the progress at the Women's Hockey Association, Bengal, which held its annual meeting at Calcutta lately.

Miss Vianest, Secretary, reviewing the past season's doings, said "The standard of play last season was good and there was considerable improvement in the team work, more method in performance with consequent improvement in combination, so that the team was strong as a whole and not merely because of one or two brilliant individuals." It is pleasing to note the interest and enthusiasm for the game, which are as strong as ever.

The total number of affiliated clubs is now 15. The "Indian Cricket Magazine" organising the Inter-Provincial Championship in Delhi in February next, urges them to improve their game and so perhaps get the honour to represent Bengal. Bengal is the birthplace of women's hockey in India and it is up to its women to put up the best side to compete. Concluding, Miss Vianest made a strong appeal to club captains to exercise discipline in the teams. "This, I am afraid, applied very much to junior divisions, who do not seem to realise that none except captains are supposed to talk once the game has begun. To quote an instance, I have seen at a junior division match the backs busily engaged in conversation and their attention of the oncoming forwards was only attracted by the screams of their despairing halves. This sort of thing is hard to believe but it was so. For the good of the team, you will agree it should be stopped."

# WORK FOR INDIAN WOMEN

### *JOURNALISM*

In her *Travel Notes* abroad, Mrs. Kuttan Nair makes mention of the various varieties of work undertaken by women in Europe, in social, international and humanitarian interests. While congratulating India on the fact that her women also are taking vital part in such work, Mrs. Nair deprecates the want of journals in India like the weekly "*Time and Tide*," run by Lady Rhondda in London, and contributed to by many brilliant women and a few men. She speaks of the writers, Miss Winifred Holtby, of Cicely Hamilton, Vena Britlain, Rose Macaulay who are authors of books, and the inspirers of modern generations of English writers.

### *COMMUNAL FARMING*

There is a plan in England, originated by women, to settle groups of about a dozen women each on farms near towns. On these farms, bee-keeping, poultry keeping, butter making, cheese-making, milking, market-gardening, vegetable, fruit and flower growing, will be taught by trained people, and the produce will be sold direct to the consumer, through the medium of travelling shops, to avoid *middlemen*. The Principal of the Kent Horticultural College said about it: "If I were free to do what I wish, I would like to have twelve unemployed older women at the College. I would give them a year's training in all branches of farm work and let them carry through the scheme in a small way. I see no reason why women should not be successful on the land just because they may have failed elsewhere. Of course the women would need to put their whole heart into the work, for farming is a wholetime job. I would like to make the demonstration to see if the communal

farms run by women would pay. The test would take at least three years."

### *RURAL MATERNITY SERVICE*

A great scheme has been brought forward by the Mysore branch of the Indian Red Cross Society. There are seven varieties of maternity and child welfare work mentioned, viz., (1) the establishment in every *mohalla* of maternity homes in which the midwives could do their work in quiet and clean surroundings, (2) the establishment of *creches*, (3) the nursery school movement, (4) the establishment of anti-natal and child welfare centres in smaller towns, (5) bringing the benefits of medical women once or twice a month with the aid of a small organisation to very small towns, (6) provision of maternity homes in the villages and (7) increase in the number of midwives. The most important need seems to be the want of midwives. It was suggested that there should be one midwife at least for every *hobli* or group of villages, the cost being met by the government, by the District Boards, by the Panchayats and by the Red Cross. This is a good scheme and bids fair to supply a very much required rural maternity service for one mother in at least five, instead of for one in ten as now.

### *COTTAGE INDUSTRIES*

A public meeting of women in Travancore considered the encouragement of industries, like screw-pine mats, lace and embroidery, bell-metal articles, ivory and inlaid work. Not only were better methods of design and production required, but also there was a need for sales depots at different places, attached to one at the centre, and the whole to be worked on a co-operative basis, thus doing away with middlemen.

— *K. S.*

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# CONCERNING HEELS

## By MEA

OUR grandmothers of the eighteenth century are responsible for many of the ills from which women suffer today, in consequence of their having introduced the ridiculous fashion of high-heeled shoes. Their object was probably to make women partially or entirely helpless, and to distinguish the aristocratic and leisured class from working women.

Corns, bunions, in-growing toe-nails, aches and pains at the back of the head are among some of the countless ailments and minor distortions which we have come to accept as inevitable, but which can all be abolished if the vanity of women will permit them to discard high heels. We pity the Chinese women with their compressed and distorted feet, but actually their plight is no worse than that of the modern European woman.

Because our eyes have become accustomed to the sight of our women walking with mincing steps on miniature stilts (some women brag of having shoes with heels six inches high), we have come to regard high heels as smart. Imagine Cleopatra in high heels! What would the Greeks, the greatest lovers and cultivators of physical beauty in the history of the world, have said if their women had distorted their feet? What would they have said if their women had been unable to move without going through contortions? The famous beauties of ancient Greece and Egypt moved with that grace that is typical of the Eastern woman of today, whose sandals are devoid of heels, or at most have low flat heels.

A picture appeared recently in an illustrated paper which was said to depict a scene in the film, "Romance of a People." The picture showed a virgin about to be

sacrificed to the God Moloch. With that disregard for accuracy, for which films are becoming notorious, the virgin in question wore high-heeled shoes of a distinctly modern type, than which nothing could look more incongruous. The Romans wore various kinds of shoes, but none of this description. If the girl had been wearing anything on her feet—which is doubtful on such an occasion—it would have been either the *solea* or sandal, which is familiar to most of us, or the *calceus*, which covered the whole foot, somewhat like our shoes but without high heels, and which was tied with a latchet or lace.

Although the high-heeled shoe only appears to have become fashionable in England during the eighteenth century, it appears to have been in vogue in Europe for several centuries, and its object was undoubtedly to make the foot appear smaller. In the *Musee de Cluny* in Paris are high-heeled shoes dating from the sixteenth century. The purpose of the high heels is to make the foot appear shorter by forcing some of its length into the height, thus making the bust appear taller, and to thrust the bust forward, thereby making it more prominent. This brings some of the weight of the body upon the tips of the toes, pressing them back and, to a certain extent, doubling them under.

The following Act passed by the British Parliament in 1700 has never been repealed:

" That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall after such an Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic waters, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hooks, *high-heeled shoes* or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law, now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

From a purely hygienic point of view, it is obvious that the old Roman *solea* or sandal, which in various forms is still the recognised footwear over a considerable portion of the East, though unfortunately Japanese commercial enterprise has recently been flooding the markets with cheap imitations of Western boots and shoes, is a healthy article. And it is noticeable that there has been a remarkable tendency in Europe lately to adopt a modification of the Eastern sandal, and modern fashions in footwear merely show a distinct move back to nature. It is stated that one London firm alone supplies over 6, 000 customers regularly with shoes that have no heels at all, and that heel-less shoes are widely adopted by men and women today

Mrs. Baraclough, a member of the Astrological Lodge in London, who is well-known for her contributions in the field of astro-diagnosis, states : " Wearing heels definitely causes the curves of the spine to change ; when a heel one-and-a-half inches high is attached to a shoe, the head is thrown nine inches forward. The spine is thrown into a grotesque position, directly unsetting the nervous system. Deformities of the feet so prevalent today are very largely the result of wearing heels. It is widely believed that heels help to preserve the arches of the foot, because of the raised position of the heel; actully the shoe with a heel is acting as a prop for muscles of the feet which can only remain healthy by working for themselves." The bone of the leg is naturally at right angles to the surface of the earth; and, in elevating their heads, women are inviting endless troubles for themselves. Many European women have been compelled to give up dancing, entirely owing to injuries to their feet which have been the result of wearing shoes with high heels. It is one of the ludicrous anomalies of human nature that the sex, which is most avid for physical beauty, destroys with the utmost deliberation the beauty of an important part of the anatomy. While many primitive peoples

deform the lips, nose, ears, etc., for aesthetic or magical reasons, one can think of no primitive people which deliberately deforms the feet. It is positively insanitary at any time, but especially during hot whether, to encase the feet in almost air-tight boots or shoes. This is so obvious that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it, but, in spite of its obviousness, it is what is done.

It is pathetic today to see the cramped crooked toes of children, which have been compressed in shoes in order to make them conform to our distorted ideas of beauty.

Dr. Maurice Parmelee says, " It is not necessary to go so far afield as the foot-binding of Chinese women, and the horrible deformities created thereby, for illustrations. The narrow toes and high heels of the footwear of Occidental women result in a vision of toes jammed together and weakened arches, a hideous nightmare to any one with aesthetic sensibilities." Boots and shoes cause for men as well as for women not only deformations of the bony structure, such as flat feet due to broken arches, which destroy the form and shape of the feet, but also corns, bunions, callouses, blisters, itches, cracks in the skin between the toes, scaling flesh, ingrowing toenails, excessive sweating and an offensive odour therefrom, and many other discomforts and hygienic ills."

Men have more beautiful and stronger feet than women because they have not been so much addicted to high heels and pointed shoes. Men are much less likely than women to have the broken arches and flat feet, which are often caused by high heels.

If some of the leaders of fashion will set the example of wearing the fascinating and really beautiful sandals that are now being produced by Western bootmakers, they will be doing a very great service to the present generation of women and also to their children, while they themselves will reap the benefit an hundred-fold.

Modern women have shown that they can defy conventions when it suits them. Let us hope that they will really set their faces and their feet against the tyranny of high heels. If they do so, they will earn the gratitude of posterity.

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# OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

*Coiffures.*

A present favourite mode of hair-dressing is to sweep the hair smoothly to either side of the brow and to catch up the ringlets at the back into a cluster. This would seem to suit the *sari* quite well, in cases where women like to cut their hair short. Perhaps, it may not be suitable to sweep the hair back from the brow, but flat and glossy waves to either side of a central parting, will be very pleasant. A few soft curls and ringlets round the face will be very welcome, I am sure.

... ... ... ... ...

*Colours.*

It is good to hear that rich colours are to predominate in the near future—deep glowing browns, "*Medici* blues, *Sistine* blues, *Cellini* golds, *Michael Angelo* reds, *Moretto* greens, *Veronese* greens, *Titian* rose-pinks," which will all rival the lovely hues of nature's flowers, trees and skies. Such colours are sure to suit the drapery of the *sari.*

... ... ... ... ...

*Slimming.*

A lecture in London on health deprecates the fashion of starving in order to be slim. Foods like milk, butter and starch are given up sometimes almost entirely, forgetting the fact that such contain nitrogen, phosphorus and energy-giving substances, which are very necessary for the body. And, after all, is a too slim figure an attraction? "Men," we are told, " certainly do not admire excessive slimness in women."

It is certainly not good to eat too much; two good meals a day are often enough for a fairly active person; but systematically to

deny oneself enough food to exist in health is too great an error on the other side!

It is also good to remember that there must be a system in eating. Meals, to be useful, should have proper and regular intervals between; and while they are being eaten, there should be mental and bodily calm, and rest for a while afterwards.

It will be instructive to touch here on a remark lately made by an old physician in England about the unsuitability of certain games for girls. He said "In a great many schools, girls were taught to engage in combative games, sometimes even—I shudder to say—boxing. The result has been inability to confine the combative spirit to games. A gentle feminine girl becomes harsh and bellicose in all her relation to life. Girls are made thoroughly unhappy because, being feminine, they cannot adapt themselves to these unsuitable rough and tumbles."

But surely, this is reversing matters with a vengeance. A storm of protest, we hear, was raised by the above remarks. If the body improves by exercise, and the mind by games, how should womanliness be spoilt by such? There are certainly some rough games, like football and boxing, which do not seem to suit women; but surely real womanliness includes fitness both in body and in mind, not merely a soft and feminine spirit! As another doctor is reported to have remarked, "The creative nervous energy of young restless girls finds a natural and salutary outlet in games."

... ... ... ... ...

*Too few clothes.*

It is all very well to try to effect coolness and comfort by a minimum of clothes, as in the costumes of modern girl-hood. But, when the weather changes from hot to cold, surely some precautions ought to be taken, in order to avoid chills and colds. Remember that a severe cold makes its subject one of the most unsighty objects in the world. Moreover a cold gives rise to many evils, ending finally, as a doctor says, in a nervous breakdown. "The most damaging poisons of the nervous system are those which are to be found in the accumulation of toxins from a neglected cold, infected tonsils, adenoids and teeth. It is an insidious thing. Very little poison per day will accumulate until the effect is damaging. The effect on the nervous system is found when the person complains of being tired and lethargic, but it is seldom suspected that the reason is that the nervous system is being poisoned."

... ... ... ... ...

*Rest.*

There is nothing like rest to give beauty and bloom. But how can rest be obtained? I was much amused sometime ago at reading in a *Daily* "A memsahib's moan" about "a day in bed." Under doctor's orders, she tried to relax in bed for a day. What was the result? Incessant worry, constant disturbance, terrible nerve-tension and finally "reduction to pulp" — exactly opposite to the doctor's prognosis!

But, who should be blamed for this? Not the servants, not the household, but the *mem-sahib* herself, I consider. She keeps the keys in her room; she omits to give orders about letters and orders to be sent; she takes no account of necessary things to be done on that special day, such as the laundry etc.; worse still, she keeps the conduct of affairs in her hand, so that none else can carry them on without her; and worst of all, she neglects to train her servants well and efficiently. If rest is needed, responsibility must be transferred to able shoulders, by which I mean trained shoulders; and, for this, long thought and consideration are necessary, not only suddenly at the time needed, but long before, and that systematically. Organization is necessary, and a willing transference of burdens must be gladly made to others, who should be well trained for the purpose. And, who can be better-trained, or prove more efficient and useful, as well as really thoughtful for the mistress or master, than Indian servants, if trouble is taken over them with kindness and tact?

... ... ... ... ...

*Beauty of posture.*

How much beauty is there in posture, and yet how few of us achieve good posture! And remember that, worse than ugly posture, is affected or too studied posture!

The *Parent's Magazine* gives three chief reasons for bad posture:

(1) Some nervous or muscular weakness,

(2) Badly-adjusted clothing, such as too hight a waist-line, or too high heels,

(3) Indifference.

The last is the chief cause of the faulty physical attitude of modern young people; and it is up to parents, especially mothers, to correct their offsprings, not by nagging, but by persuasion.

It is a good idea to exercise posture before a full-length mirror. There are several positions recommended.

First, as to standing; one is instructed to stand full back to the wall, with heels, shoulder-blades and back of head touching it. Then one should walk away on the balls of the feet in the same attitude. The result will be the head well up, the spine straight, the chin held well, the abdomen held in, and the shoulders pleasantly relaxed and not stiff. Walks should be taken in the same way, but not of course on the ball of the feet alone! The results will be very effective. Double chins will be avoided, muscles and flesh will not get sagging and flabby. There are many exercises also which will help in posture, and deep breathing is a great asset.

Secondly, with regard to sitting: one is advised to throw the weight on the thighs and not merely on the shoulders or the very lower end of the spine. If the posture is good and square, the feet rest comfortably, the limbs get rest, while the whole of the spine, the hollow of the back, and the hollow between the shoulders feel at ease. Much of this depends, of course, on the kind of chair used.

... ... ... ...

*Tennis fitness.*

*Dress and beauty* gives some suggestions gathered from a well-known tennis player, about fitness for the tennis court. First of all, "No drill after the day's play, reasonable smoking, light meals and plenty of sleep." No efforts at slimming are required, and not much exercise besides tennis. No dieting is needed except moderation. Massage of legs, especially at the start of a season, will be helpful, so that the play can be begun with loosened muscles, with no fear of cramp. A good skin-good to help against the ravages of sun and wind, a good lotion at night for the eyes to relieve the strain of strong light, and dust, though really the constant change of focus seems to strengthen them, are advisable. Well-fitting shoes are very necessary; and, sometimes to prevent blisters, methylated spirits, *eau-de-cologne* and *talcum* powder, are useful for the feet. "And tell your readers", said the tennis star, "that the picture must be completed with nice clothes. It all comes back to beauty. You can't *look* perfectly right, unless you *feel* perfectly right."

*Sister Susie.*

# ADVICE TO MOTHERS

## (1) LESSONS FROM BIRDS

*The Parent's Magazine* offers some instructive remarks of birds as models for parents. In the first place, birds are careful in protecting their young, sometimes going to the extent of strong attack from even the gentlest of birds like the robin; while the fiercer hawks and owls and geese wage vicious battle. To protect their young again, birds often sacrifice themselves, as for instance, when adult birds are brought into the open by the imitation of the *cheeps* of birdlings. We also know of the "decoy habit" of birds like the wood-cock and goose, which try to draw attention away from their nests by several peculiar manoeuvres on their part.

The second characterstic of birds is that both parents take part in feeding their young, with the exception of a few polygamous birds. When the mothers are killed, fathers readily take up the attention. When the mothers are busy with a second sitting, fathers very often take up the training. A bird-observer writes: "Nothing can be more comical than the cardinal's behaviour when he first conducts his young family out into the world, while his mate is engaged with her second sitting. He is as fussy as any young mother, hopping about in great excitement, and appearing to think the whole world thirsting for the life of his pretty little ones." Sometimes both parents, but not often, share in nest-building as well as in the incubation of eggs. The male bird very often sings to the female, when she is sitting on the eggs. It is noticeable that in some cases affection is displayed between the parents, even after the period of mating. "Some exhibitions of continuing fondness between parents, even after eggs are laid and nestlings are being reared, seem strangely human. Sandhill cranes, anhingas, ravens and great blue herons are notable for expressing affection. The delighted fluttering of wings, the mutual caressing of the feathers of sitting females, the nibbling of one another's bills against crests and plumes, and indeed, true kissing with bill against bill, are evidences of a loving familiarity in these and some other species."

Here is a pretty picture of the domestic love of the *Snowy egret:* "All through the mating and nesting seasons they bill and coo, wave their aigrettes when close together and chatter sweet nothings to one another. He brings her the sticks for the nest; she alone arranges them. He incubates the eggs, while she is gone to the distant feeding grounds; and he hovers over the young later, during her absences. By some exceedingly mysterious telepathy, she and the young appear to know, several minutes in advance of his returning with food, that he is nearing home. At the nest they will all suddenly awake, begin to call loudly and gaze in the direction of the feeding area, before they can possibly see him. Presently he arrives; first addresses his mate with soft cries and caressings of her feathers; then regurgitates the fishes, shrimps, tadpoles and crabs he has gathered into his mouth for his young ones. Then he assumes guard over the babies, while she is off on the ten-mile round trip to feed herself and bring home her finds to them in turn. The young are never left unattended."

Some adult birds are very careful to leave the best grounds of feeding for their young, while they themselves feed outside. Occasionally, mother-birds carry their young from place to place for food, or to avoid danger. A certain kind of duck, we are told, takes her fledgelings to a stream or pond, where she finds food for them. The woodcock carries her babies between thigh and body, not in her long bill.

Birds are on a higher plane, we are told, than humans, in parenthood. In the first place, they have to find the right sort of nourishment for their young, which is no

easy task, and they do find it, for we find that very seldom are mistakes made. But think of the mistakes human parents make; think of the doctors they have to call in, and the medicines they have to use.

Then, think of the processes of nest-building. Here is an account of the robin. "A lady robin selects a safe support for her heavy nest-to-be; provides, in the right order, the three different types of materials to go into that structure; heavy stalks and straws, mud, grass lining; waits a day or two for the mud cup to harden after she has moulded it into shape with her breast; then lines it and has the whole complicated operation finished just about the day when her eggs are ready for depositing; when she never before saw an egg or watched a nest being made."

Then, there are their ways of training their young: "Birds do not punish; birds do not demand more from their young than their physical development is ready for; bird children are fed on what is good for them; birds do not fear in advance of the danger; they are not taught to obey for the sake of obedience." Surely, this competence is the effect not only of *instinct*, but also of *intelligence*!

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### *(2) A CHILDREN'S HOTEL.*

The suggestion for a *children's hotel*, put forward sometime ago by the *Madras Mail*, is rather interesting. It will prove of inestimable service to harassed and overworked mothers, who can otherwise never take a really-needed rest and holiday. It also gives the children a first lesson in independence, which seems such a necessary asset now-a-days in their bringing-up. It also militates against home-sickness and prepares for school.

The hotel should be in a place where there is plenty of place for excursions, and plenty of open air, country life, and if possible, the sea. If the weather is bad, there should be room for indoor games. The hostess must be a lover of children and possess much patience, tact and kindness. Good nurses, and plenty of good food are required. And rules must be kept strictly, yet with kindness.

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### *(3) CHILDREN'S WALKS.*

Children's walks can be made interesting in various ways. For instance, they can be taught to collect little plants for their gardens, or find flowers of all sorts to press. The art of it should be taught them, the blossoms being first pressed carefully between sheets of blotting paper, and then fastened into a book with narrow strips of gummed paper. Another idea is to teach the children to observe birds and their ways, and to imitate their cries and songs. The special sounds made by different birds can be very soon differentiated; and even humble specimens, such as the *seven sisters* and the *mynas* will often prove of interest; while in forest walks, great will be the attraction of *jungle-cock* and *partridge*.

Sometimes studies can be continued in walks, introduced into play or song, recitation or march.

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### *(4) A MODEL ROOM FOR CHILDREN*

*The Parent's Magazine* gives suggestions for a model room for children. It is good to keep the sleeping-place separate from the play-room. Sometimes curtains can be used to keep the two apart; or sometimes the idea can be carried out by the special disposal of furniture. And everything in the room must be strong and sturdy, able to stand hard wear and not likely to be easily broken. The floor should be easy to be washed, and the walls also if necessary. Everything in fact should be easy to keep clean.

When the room is ready, the child should be taught to keep things in order, and to take care of its things. Everything should be practical, and easily-accessible places for storing-up should be provided, such as open shelves for books and big cupboards

for toys. There should also be work-benches, with a sturdy set of tools; little desks and materials for writing, blackboards, chalks and erasers, for drawing pictures, etc., and everything should be so ordered as to allow room for playmates. It is good for the child to play alone a good part of its time; but it is also good to teach it social manners by giving it companions.

There should be a soft and diffused, yet adequate, light from lamps placed out of reach of the children; gay, but not too bright colours for the room, with, if possible, the child's favourite shades. Here is a a pretty scheme for a child's room (the wall-papers can be left out, and distemper substituted.) "The wall-paper in the bedroom section has a creamy beige ground, on which is an all-over flower design in white. The flowers are delightfully done as a child might have drawn them. The ceiling matches the colour of the paper, and this same shade is used on the plain walls of the playroom and on the outside of the book-cases; these are lined with green linoleum. The green is repeated in the arch, which holds the indirect lighting and in the *hopscotch* game which makes a charming inlaid pattern on the beige linoleum floor. At the windows, an inexpensive pongee material, finished with a green wool fringe, has been used for curtains over *Venetian* blinds which match the colour of the walls. The chests, the bed and the night-table are a painted a deep cream with a green stripe, and the bed-spread and pillows, piped with the same green wool as the curtains, are of soft homespun material in a harmonizing beige shade. The rug is of a green tufted wool. The desk and the desk chairs are metal with cream tops. Because a child loves to give tea-parties and because it is sometimes convenient to serve a meal on a tray to a child in his room, a tea-table is provided for the purpose. It too is of metal with a cream top. Green glazed chintz with a small all-over design in soft yellow has been used on the stuffed chairs. It is pleasantly colourful and yet will not show soil easily. The bases of the ring lamps are of chromium, while the shades are of natural parchment".

—*Mater.*

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# SAYINGS ABOUT WOMEN

*(1) LACK OF ROMANCE.*

Baroness Orczy deplores the lack of romance in modern girls, who are made up to too much standard. She says "look at the girls. They are mass-produced. No longer do they have any mystery for men. They all wear exactly the same clothes, paint their faces in exactly the same way, pluck their eye-brows in the same line, adopt the same expressions, use the same phrases, go to identical places of amusement. They are afraid of doing or wearing anything original.

"It seems such a pity that girls no longer have any secrecy, glamour, romance. Their men friends know all about them, what they will do, what they will say. They have nothing to conceal. Perhaps they think it clever to reveal themselves all the time, to have no inner self. No longer does a man wonder what a girl is really like, or what she really thinks.

"It makes love a very different thing from the falling in love our mothers knew. And the young men too, again they are mass-produced, living in a mass-produced world."

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*(2) GIRLS BETTER THAN BOYS in some things ?*

We are told that in the report of the last Cambridge examinations in Ceylon, the following remark was made:

" Girls write better English than boys. The girls' essays were distinguished by a certain insight and sensitiveness and by a natural and easy diction. The boys, on the other hand, used exuberant and involved writing, when it should have been simple and direct."

The superiority of girls to boys as air-pilots has been pointed out by *Moderna* in the *Hindu*. In connection with this, a report from Moscow says:

" Delicate, sensitive girls, specially chosen, have proved in exhaustive tests, that women will make better air-pilots than men, for work at high altitudes in the next war. M. Grohovski, one of Russia's leading aerial experts and designers, said: 'Give your woman pilot two months' holiday each year and six months' special leave every two or three years, so that she can have her babies, and she will prove superior to male pilots under all circumstances.' The tests have shown that girls are usually not affected by the rarefied atmosphere even at over 26, 000 ft., whereas the best men pilots in perfect training generally need the use of an oxygen respirator at over 21,000 ft.

This insensitiveness to altitude will be of vital importance in the next air-war, which is likely to be fought at great heights, because oxygen respirators obstruct the pilot's view and impair his fighting skill. Therefore, women are specially suitable for fighting at great altitudes."

In this connection, we are glad to hear of a scholarship of Rs. 1,000, which has been offered by a non-official public body to enable a boy and a girl alternately to receive training in aviation. The Das-Roy Memorial Fund has formed a committee to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. B. K. Das, one of Bengal's pioneer flyers, Mr. D. K. Roy, Miss Brownlow and Mr. P. Gupta, who lost their lives in a flying accident near Dum Dum Aerodrome, and this year gave the scholarship to a Bengal girl, on the condition that she must enrol herself as a member, at her own cost, of the local Flying Club and have sufficient knowledge of English to understand instructions.

We must also mention that *The Planter's Journal of Madras* avers that in some ways women coffee planters are better than men. It says:

" In our district, several women have recently begun to work their own estates, and, contrary to the expectations of some of our die-hards, the estates still exist, and even seem to have come on quite creditably!

One of the advantages a woman has in planting is that, if she takes the trouble to talk to the coolies sometimes after hours and keeps a few useful medicines, and perhaps some little flannel or cotton shirts in the office, she is able to take a practical interest in the welfare of their wives and children. Coolies are notoriously ungrateful, but there are occasions when they really do appreciate a little trouble taken with a sick wife or baby, and it makes them feel that someone does consider them as human beings and not mere work machines.

Our women planters are all either wives or daughters or widows of planters, and it would appear that by taking an intelligent interest in planting topics, and by asking and taking advice from one's men friends, it is possible for a woman to make a financial success of coffee planting, as well as amusing or occupying herself with it."

# CHILDREN'S PAGES

## (1) THE HEROIC TUNGA

Years ago, in India lived a king
Called Prithviraj, whose praises men still sing,
A warrior great, with armies to command,
A noble prince, beloved by all his land!
And o'er this land, he reigned for many years,
Protecting it from harm and evil fears.
'Gainst foreign foes, with victory he strove,
And ever from his realm the Mlecchas drove.

At length, determined to defeat his fame,
The Mleccha king with mighty forces came,
And Prithiviraj thought his kingdom lost,
For great the loss this foe to him had cost,
So few were left of all his fighting men.
His army, therefore, dared not fight; and when
They saw the mighty power of their foe,
Their hearts lay crushed in misery and woe.

But, among his troops, there was a soldier brave,
Who with his life, the kingdom thought to save;
This hero, Tunga, went at dead of night
Together with his son, to try and sight
The Mlecchas and their king. But soon he found
A pit of redly-burning coal surround
The foreign camp. No other way was there
But fire, through which to reach the enemy's lair.
The coal-pit glimmered brightly red
On that black stormy night;
A fierce and glowing light
Showed Tunga's features pale and white,
As he beckoned to his son and said,
"Beyond this glowing deep,
My boy, the Mlecchas sleep,
While our poor people mourn and weep.

But for my king I'll make a stand,
I'll save my monarch's fame,
I'll step upon this flame,
And from my shoulder you shall aim
At the Mleccha king, and free our land
From a cruel blow.
Come, swiftly take your bow
And let me to my death-bed go."

But the son, though young was brave,
And he could not bear to live,
Whilst he saw his father give
His life, that he may save
His kingdom, and defeat his foe.
So he begged and prayed and said,
Your aim is better, Sire;
So, on the red-hot fire
Please let me stand instead,
Whilst you art free to draw your bow."

And Tunga answered, "Yes";
And kissed his valiant son,
The tears then, one by one
Rolled down his face and dress.
And then the gleaming stars on high
Beheld the boy descend
Into the smouldering fire,
Whilst over him, his Sire
Stood fast. They saw him bend
His bow, and heard an arrow fly.

Thus did Tunga save his honoured land;
For on that night, with his heroic hand,
He slew the Mleccha king; but oh, the cost
Was dear indeed. Had he not thereby lost
His stalwart son, his brave and valiant boy
His only child, his comfort and his joy?
For, in that pit of glowing fiery tide,
Heroic Tunga's gallant son had died.

—*Padmini.*

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## (2) A TIGER SHOOT AMIDST THE SATPURAS

I recently visited the camp of Mr. X. in a distant village, situated in the midst of thick forest, near the foot-hills of the eastern Satpura range.

Hills upon hills rose around us overgrown with *teak*, *dhak*, and *mahuwwa* trees, amidst which grew various kinds of smaller plants with thickly-clustered branches entwined with ever-green creepers of different varieties. A few yards from our camp, flowed a river which had cut its way through the huge rocks of the valley, and around it bent and waved the graceful branches of tall trees sighing in the passing wind.

Two *bodas* (buffalo-calves) were tied up at different places and two tigers chose to kill one of the *bodas* on the very first

night, which was indeed very convenient for us. Our jungle was beatable, and the *boda* had been tied up in a place which, from pug-marks, had been ascertained to be on the tiger's usual parade. There was water near, and good cover for him to hide his kill and lie up, in order to finish it the next night. A tiger usually likes to keep a close watch on the kill, sometimes waiting even for three days, after which however, he abandons it entirely. It is wrong to believe that on the first day of his kill the tiger only drinks the blood; for in our case we found quite a pool of blood congealed all around the twisted neck of the *boda*; but the brute had made his meal off the back.

A *machan* was tied over the kill, fixed in a tree, which was on the tiger's natural line of retreat, and hidden completely in the midst of green leaves. It was about thirty yards from the kill, which lay on a strong river bed.

The tiger usually comes out of his cover for his evening meal just after sunset, hence when the sun was still a little high on the western horizon we got on the machan to sit up for the beast. One of us had a big torch ready to flash on the tiger when he came on the kill, while Mr. X. sat with his .450 double-barrelled Winchester, cocked ready for action. A few Gonds—a wild tribe inhabiting the hilly tracks of the Central Provinces—were stationed in a grove of trees about a hundred yards from us with their muskets loaded. Sphinx-like, we sat on the machan, keyed to the highest pitch and expecting the tiger to appear every second.

A dark curtain fell on the stage of the day, and with it we heard a shrill but subdued cry as if of a jungle cat. It was repeated and repeatedly answered by another cry, and we thought that some hungry jungle cats were stealthily approaching to steal a morsel from the kill. It was a still night, and the slightest rustle in the leaves could be heard. We felt our nerves giving way. But the cries stopped, and we thought that the jungle cats had either bolted, or were quite near the kill. About half an hour elapsed, and then we heard a larger noise in the leaves, followed by some sort of purr, again as if of a jungle cat. We had forgotten to test our torch, and now unfortunately it failed to give light. But, Mr. X., being an experienced *Shikari*, was able to glimpse one of the tigers tearing open the stomach of the dead calf. He quietly took aim and fired. We heard the sound of the brute's crash through the forest glades, and thought that he had escaped scot-free. We peered through the misty darkness, and at last Mr. X. discerned His Majesty, the king of the forest lying stark and stiff. The tiger was quite dead. Apparently there had been two of them, and the other one had run away, frightened by the report of the rifle. A few stones thrown from the machan proved that life was extinct in one of them at least. He was a young but fully-grown tiger and measured a good length. It was clear that both the tigers had been calling to each other by means of the cries, which we had taken for those of jungle cats; such at least was the explanation given by the Gonds, who knew the ways of tigers.

— *K. S.*

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### *(3) THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED*

Can you paint? If so, set to work at once and paint your own Christmas cards. You need not be expert artists to do this. Paint or draw little things, and make up attractive little cards, with a neat little ribbon-bow. You know the sort I mean. If you can't paint or draw, do splash work. That's ever so easy, and if you don't know what that is, just ask your drawing teacher at school. You can't think how the value of a card is increased if you do it yourself. Your friend, who receives it, will at once know that you have taken so much more trouble over it, than you would have done if you had just gone to a shop and bought it. If you are more energetic, you can make

little callenders. Buy the little printed ones that are stuck at the bottom of pictures, paint your own picture on a neat piece of paper, stick it on to some grey or brown card-board, stick the calender on, so that it hangs below, and send it off. It will be much appreciated.

When you receive Christmas cards, don't throw them away; because you can make a screen of them. This looks very pretty indeed.

Well, let me wish you all a very Happy Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year.

—*Punkajam.*

### (4) THINGS TO DO

The *Treasure Chest* suggests *sponge* gardens for young children. The sponge should be soaked with water, and fitted into a glass dish, so that half of it appears above it. Then, seed should be sprinkled on the surface, and the whole kept in a warm and dark place. When the seedlings appear, light and sun are required. Various kinds of greenery, both pretty and instructive, can be produced in this way.

### (5) MY WISH

I wish I were a bird,
Mother,
So that I could fly.
I wish that you were, too,
Mother.
We'd go way up high—
The clouds would be fine for hide and seek,
We'd look down on our home.
The top of a tree would be my swing,
And I could swing alone.

At night I think that I would like
To slide down through the air,
And find our home with lamps all lit,
And daddy waiting there.

From the *Parent's Magazine.*

## Needlework Notes

(1) *Sweater knit outfits* of fine zephyr wool for brother and sister. New ribbed collars. The girl's skirt has contrasting suspenders.

(From *The Parent's Magazine*)

(2) A SAILOR JUMPER WITH SHORT SLEEVES.

*For the front*: using a 3-ply white wool, knit 2, purl 2, in rib for eleven inches, on a beginning of 120 stiches. Then narrow one (knit 2 together) at a time, at beginning and end of alternative rows; till there are 60 stitches left. Cast off.

*For the back:* On 120 stitches, rib for eleven inches, then narrow at beginning and end of every 4th row, till there are 82 stitches left.

*For the sleeves*: On 80 stitches, rib for one inch. Then add 1 stitch (work 1 into the back and 1 into the front of each stitch) at beginning and end of every row, till there are 100 stitches. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of

every alternate row, till the needles are empty.

*For the collar*: Work a rib of knit 1, purl 1, for 6 inches on 120 stitches, in a contrasting colour.

Then, rib 42 stitches, cast off 36, rib 42.

Work at both ends, one after the other, thus: narrow at beginning and end of alternate rows till 6 stitches are left. Rib the 6 for 13 inches.

Add 1 stitch at beginning and end of alternate rows till there are 14 ; rib for 6 rows. Work, narrowing at beginning of one row, and at the end of next row, till the needles are empty.

At the back edge, crochet a row of double crochets with white wool, without allowing the edge to become frilly. Then work 2 rows, in other wool, of double crochets into backs of stitches, then 1 white row and 1 coloured row.

Cast on 26 stitches: rib, knitting 2 and purling 2 for 1 inch. Narrow at beginning and end of alternate rows, till all are worked out. Make another strip like this.

Sew up the sides and sleeves ; and attach the sleeves, with their longest sides at the back. Then, holding the right side towards you, work double crochets into every other stitch at the back of neck. Work back with 1 d. c. into each of these, leaving out the last. Work thus for 8 rows.

Work in the same way on each shoulder and on the front of neck. Sew up the crochetted edges of the shoulders: sew the collar slips inside the front neck corners: then sew them down with a button on the jumper.

(The measurements can be altered as desired)

(Adapted from *Dress and Beauty*)

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# Cookery Notes

## THREE SOUPS

### Potato and Spinach Soup

| | |
|---|---|
| ¼ cup butter, | 1 quart diced potatoes, |
| ½ cup chopped onion, | ½ pound raw spinach, chopped, |
| 1½ quarts milk, | |
| 1 egg, well beaten, | 1½ teaspoon salt. |

Fry the onion in the fat until a golden brown. Add the milk, the diced potatoes, spinach and salt. Cook slowly, preferably in the top part of a double boiler, until the potatoes are done. With a potato masher, stir the soup well and mash the pieces of potatoes into smaller bits. Pour a little of the soup over the beaten egg, stir well, and then pour back into the soup pot.

### Canned Pea Soup

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 small can peas, | 3 tablespoons butter, |
| 3 or 4 carrots, chopped, | 2 tablespoons flour, |
| 2 large potatoes, diced, | 1 teaspoon salt, |
| 2 cups fresh milk, | ½ cup grated cheese. |

Cook the carrots and potatoes until tender, in just enough water to cover, mash when soft, add the can of peas, and put through a sieve. Melt the butter in a deep pan, add flour and stir until smooth ; add milk, and cook until slightly thickened. Then add the vegetable *puree*. Salt to taste, add grated cheese and remove from stove. Use, if desired, a tomato flavour.

### Supper Soup

| | |
|---|---|
| 1½ qts. diced potato, | 2 teaspoon salt, |
| 3 or 4 onions, | 3 cups milk, |
| 1 egg, | 1 cup flour. |

Have the potatoes cut in half-inch chunks. Put them with the onions, cut in slices, in a deep kettle and cover well with water. Add salt and cook until the potatoes are soft and the water is almost cooked away. Don't drain. Add milk so that the potatoes are well covered and heat slowly. Turn the cup of flour into a flat pie tin and in the middle of the flour, break the egg. Break the yolk with a fork and stir it so that it forms little strings and lumps with the flour. Stir this into the hot potato soup and cook five minutes.

## TWO SALADS

### Raw Carrot Salad

4 small carrots, grated,
½ cup seedless raisins,
2 teaspoons mayonnaise,
A few drops lemon juice.

Chop the raisins and mix with grated carrot and mayonnaise. Serve on a lettuce leaf or use as a stuffing for a halved pear or halved peach salad.

### Tomato and Shrimp Salad

6 medium tomatoes,
2 tablespoons water-cress, chopped,
¾ cup cooked fresh shrimps,
1 hard-boiled egg,
Salt,
3 anchovies,
½ cup salad dressing.

Skin the tomatoes, scoop out the centres, sprinkle the shells with salt, inside and out, and place on a platter in a cool place until serving time. Make a stuffing of chopped shrimps, anchovies, watercress, egg and salt, all chopped thoroughly together. Moisten with salad dressing and, just before time to serve, tuck neatly into tomato shells. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

(Selected from *The Parent's Magazine.*)

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# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

## WHAT HAVE YOU BOUGHT THIS MONTH ?

THERE are so many accessories and luxuries one wants in a house; but, instead of buying them all in a lump sum, and running up a tremendous bill, it is much better to make up one's mind to buy the most necessary luxuries each month, and leave the others for a later date. In fact, it will be rather a good idea to buy one thing at a time, that one has set one's heart upon. Thus for instance, now that the cold weather has come, and gardens invite one to spend more time in them, one may like to invest in a comfortable deck chair, to put out in the garden. We can get lovely ones that can be converted into lounge beds, and instead of lying on the grass and being troubled with ants and insects, it would be ideal to have one of these under a shady tree, and read or dream away the time.

Then again, your crockery or cutlery may want replacing. Perhaps you are badly in need of coffee cups. Well, why not buy a dainty set this month, or replace your fish-eaters, or get a good tea-set ?

Such fine tea-cloths and tea-napkins are being sold these days. Make it a point to buy a set one month. They always come in so useful either for tea, or for Bridge and other occasions. It would be better still to make one yourselves, if you have the patience.

Perhaps, your lamp shades need renovation, or they may be too old, in which case you'll have to buy others—and so it goes on.

Something or another is always needed, and the wisest plan is to make a list, and buy something each month.

—*Paddy.*

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# A TALK ABOUT TALKIES

HERE is a good definition of a Talkie, provided by the *Renaissance Theatre of Madras*, which hopes to carry out the principles mentioned :

" A Talkie is a Motion-Picture first and foremost, a dynamic pattern of moving images and its one and only medium is the projected visual image on the screen, aided by sound and music, by speech and song, if need be.

" A Talkie is not a play exactly recorded upon celluloid and projected on the screen, nor is it a mere translation of the narrative struc-

ture in a novel into picture images of its incidents. A Talkie need not always talk or sing only because it must, and not incessantly, merely because it can. Speech and song in a Talkie should be neither casual nor an aural accompaniment to the visual image projected on the screen; they must be vital to the development of the narrative and must make the action-treatment of the theme, which when re-assembled would give a unified and vividly expressive impression of the whole content of the different incidents. Sound and music should develop with the visual image."

... ... ... ...

Miss T. P. Rajalakshmi, who has returned to South India, after long study at the studios in Calcutta, says in the *Madras Mail* that her object in joining the *talkies* is. " to prove to the world that talkies do not necessarily suppress action, provided the actor is really gifted." She does not care for too much music or song in a talkie, which should not be made into an opera. Action should be given an equal, and if possible, a predominate place; but she has found it difficult to induce this reform. She intensively admires the art and acting of Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer, who, she says, are supremely natural. "The art of acting," she says, "though difficult, is not impossible to learn. All are not born actresses. Many acquire the art after strenuous practice. The object should not be merely to win fame. Take care of your actions and fame will follow, as night follows day. Unless one is prepared to stake all and give all, no useful purpose is served by entering the profession. An actress has to take her profession seriously. Moreover, an actress should not mind temporarily difficulties and privations, to infuse the necessary element of naturalness into her actions."

Miss Rajalakshmi observes that mythological themes have become worn-out, and advocates the use of social plots and social backgrounds, especially in the vernaculars.

... ... ... ...

It is unfortunate that there should have been such a protest from the *Parsi* community against the inclusion of two Parsi women into a film. One is glad to note that there is a certain section of that community, which tackles the matter in a tolerant light. After all, women cannot hold back eternally from the stage; specially if they have artistic talents and capabilities, which men do not possess. Someone must begin reform. Moreover, women must portray women, and men men. This is but natural. And why should there be harm in being on the stage? Cannot reform be introduced here as anywhere else, and cannot old ideas of conservatism be banished? Remember that the West has gone through a similar process, as that which the East is now passing through, and has emerged from it with success and triumph to the actress and the film-star.

As some Parsi defenders of the stage have said: "There is nothing wrong in adopting this profession. In the West, this profession is held in esteem. I don't see any reason why the screen in India should be considered unrespectable. As long as one has to make his or her livelihood in an honest manner, there can be nothing dishonourable in it. Parsi ladies have been taking part in dances and other social activities; and, if taking part in a play or a film is considered questionable, then even participation in dances and other public functions is reprehensible. Parsis are one of the most advanced communities in India. Why shouldn't they move with the times? It will be apparent to any one that the cinema industry in India is coming to the forefront and will offer avenues to many seeking employment. It will be a good opportunity to many of our Parsi boys and girls, who are now on the roll of the unemployed, to seek their livelihood on the stage and on the films."

"It is certainly good to be concerned about the morals of girls. But the economic viewpoint has to be given its due consideration. There is a large number of Parsi boys and girls studying in colleges and in pursuing various vocations, who come in contact with all sorts of people, and if the two girls who have taken up the profession of film artistes, are running any risk from the moral point of view, the risk is not greater than ordinarily run by a large number of Parsi girls living a modern free life. Thoughtless criticism makes people shamefaced or reckless and is responsible for many a vice. Besides, why should we presume immorality amongst these ladies? Can we not be broadminded enough to presume that they will lead a straight life, no matter what film-land may be? Why have not the Parsis protested so vehemently against their boys joining the film world?"

The same situation as produced among the Parsis affects undoubtedly South India, which is very conservative in this respect. We recommend the arguments used above to those South Indian parents, who are so averse to seeing their girls on the stage and on the screen. It is time they change their attitude in some measure at least.

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5. Miss Simon, Madras
6. Miss L. Schwab, Rapalle
7. Rao Bahadur M. R. Ry., C. S. Subramanyam Avergal, Mayavaram

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